

David Hutchison.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS,
WITH A
MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,
AND
A GLOSSARY.

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MEMOIR

OF

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

THIS celebrated Bard was born on the 29th of January, 1759, on the banks of the Doon, about two miles from Ayr, near to which stand the ruins of Alloway Kirk, rendered immortal by his admirable Tale of "*Tam o' Shanter*."

His father, William Burns, was a farmer in Ayrshire, a man of very respectable character, and of more than ordinary information and capacity. It is stated by Burns, that to his father's observations and experience, he was indebted for most of his little pretensions to wisdom. From such a son this eulogium cannot be thought undeserving. In 1757, he married Agnes Brown. Our Poet was the first fruit of this union. He was sent to school when about six years old, where he was taught to read English and to write a little; and so great was his progress, that he became a critic in English Grammar at the age of eleven, and was also remarkable for the correctness of his pronunciation. His rudiments of arithmetic he got from his father in the winter evenings. He says of himself, in his letter to Doctor Moore, "At those

years I was by no means a favourite with any body. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot piety; I say, *idiot* piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and participles. In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country, of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors."

Before he was nine years of age, he had acquired a strong propensity for reading, which, however, was greatly checked by his want of access to books. He read the life of Hannibal through with great avidity, and eagerly perused every other book that came in his way. Even at this early period, his sensibility was extraordinary; yet he had not discovered any signs of that striking ready wit for which he was afterwards remarkable, nor betrayed the smallest symptom of his inclination to music and poetry.

About a twelvemonth previous to the death of his father, Burns, who had then attained his twenty-fourth year, became anxious to be fixed in a situation to enable him to marry. His brother Gilbert and he had for several years held a small portion of land from their father, on which they chiefly raised flax. In disposing of the produce of their labour, our Author took it into his head to commence flax-dresser.—He accordingly continued at that business for about six months, but it proved an unlucky concern; for the shop some time after taking fire, was utterly destroyed, and he was left not worth a sixpence.

Immediately before the death of their father, Burns and his brother took the farm at Mossgiel, consisting of 118 acres, at £90 per annum. It was stocked by the property and individual savings of the whole family, and was a joint

concern. But the first year, from buying bad seed, and the second from a late harvest, they lost half their crops.

It was about this time that he formed the connection with Miss Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns. When the effects of this intimacy could no longer be concealed, our Poet, in order to screen his partner from the consequences of their imprudence, agreed to make a written acknowledgment of their marriage, and then endeavour to push his fortune in Jamaica, till Providence enabled him to support a family comfortably. This was, however, strenuously opposed by her relations; and her father, with whom she was a great favourite, advised her to renounce every idea of such an union, conceiving that a husband in Jamaica was little better than none. She was therefore prevailed upon to cancel the papers, and thus render the marriage null and void. When this was mentioned to Burns, he was in a state bordering on distraction. He offered to stay at home, and provide for his family in the best manner possible; but even this was rejected.

He then agreed with a Dr. Douglas to go to Jamaica, as an assistant overseer or clerk, and made every preparation to cross the Atlantic; but, previous to his setting off, he was advised to publish a volume of his poems by subscription. With the first fruits of his poetical labours, he paid his passage, and purchased a few articles of clothing, &c. His chest was already on the way to Greenock, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, signifying his approbation of the poems, and an assurance that Burns would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, completely changed his intentions.

Soon after his arrival in Edinburgh, (early in December, 1786,) his poems procured him the admiration of all conditions. Persons of rank and power were not above taking notice of him; and in a short time the name of Burns was celebrated over all the kingdom. It ought here to be mentioned to his honour, that he had been in Edinburgh only a few months, and was still in the midst of poverty, when he erected a monument in Canon-gate church-yard to the memory of the celebrated but unfortunate poet, Fergusson.

In Edinburgh, Burns beheld mankind in a new light. Surrounded on all sides by admirers, his days were spent in the company of the great, his evenings in dissipation. This kind of life he led nearly a twelvemonth, when his friends

suggested to him the necessity of seeking a permanent establishment.

Having settled accounts with his publisher in February 1788, Burns became master of nearly £500. With this sum he returned to Ayrshire, where he found his brother Gilbert struggling to support their aged mother, a younger brother, and three sisters in the farm of Mossiel. He immediately advanced £200 to their relief. With the remainder, and what further profits might accrue to him from his poems, Burns seriously resolved to settle for life, and resume the occupation of agriculture.

Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, offered him the choice of a farm on his estate at his own terms. Burns readily accepted this generous offer. He took with him two friends to value the land, and fixed on the farm of Ellisland, about six miles above Dumfries, on the banks of the river Nith, on which he entered at Whitsunday, 1788.

Previously to this period, however, he had been recommended to the Board of Excise, by Mr. Graham, of Fintra, and had his name enrolled among the list of candidates for the humble office of an exciseman. Expecting that the Board would appoint him to act in the district where his farm was situated, he began assiduously to qualify himself for the proper exercise of the employment, in the fond hopes of soon uniting with success the labours of the farmer with the duties of his new profession.

No sooner had he arranged the plan of his future pursuits, than his whole thoughts were bent towards the object who had ever been nearest and dearest to his heart. Her relations now endeavoured to promote their union with more zeal than they had formerly opposed it; and they were immediately united by a regular marriage, thus legalizing their union, and rendering it permanent for life.

His fame naturally drew upon him the attention of his neighbours, and he soon formed a general acquaintance in the district in which he lived. Their social parties, however, too often seduced him from his rustic labours and his rustic fare, overthrew the unsteady fabric of his resolutions, and inflamed those propensities which temperance might have weakened, and prudence ultimately suppressed. It was not long, therefore, before Burns began to view his farm with dislike and despondence, if not with disgust.

Unfortunately he had for several years looked to an office in the excise as a certain means of livelihood, should his

other expectations fail. As has already been mentioned, he had been recommended to the Board of Excise, and had received the instructions necessary for such a situation. He now applied to be employed; and, by the interest of Mr. Graham, of Fintra, was appointed to be exciseman, or, as it is vulgarly called, gauger, of the district in which he lived. The duties of this disagreeable situation, besides exposing him to numberless temptations, occupied that part of his time which ought to have been bestowed in cultivating his farm; which, after this, was in a great measure abandoned to servants. It is easy to conjecture the consequences. Notwithstanding the moderation of the rent, and the prudent management of Mrs. Burns, he found it convenient, if not necessary, to resign his farm into the hands of Mr. Miller, after having possessed it for the space of three years and a half. The stock and crop being afterwards sold by public auction, he removed, with his family, to a small house in Dumfries, about the end of the year 1791, to devote himself to an employment which seemed from the first to afford but little hopes of future happiness.

He resided four years at Dumfries. During this time he had hoped for promotion in the excise; but an event occurred which at least delayed its fulfilment. The events of the French revolution were commented on by him in a manner very different from what might have been expected from an officer under government. Information of this was given to the Board of Excise. A superior officer in that department was authorized to enquire into his conduct. Burns defended himself in a letter addressed to one of the Board, written with great independence of spirit, and with more than his accustomed eloquence. The officer appointed to enquire into his conduct gave a favourable report. His steady friend, Mr. Graham, of Fintra, interposed his good offices in his behalf; and he was suffered to retain his situation, but was given to understand that his promotion was deferred, and must depend upon his future behaviour.

In the month of June, 1796, he removed to Brow, in Annandale, about ten miles from Dumfries, to try the effect of sea-bathing; a remedy that at first, he imagined, relieved rheumatic pains in his limbs, with which he had been afflicted for some months: but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his own house in Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright. The fever increased, attended with

delirium and debility, and on the 21st he expired, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. He left a widow and four sons. The ceremonial of his interment was accompanied with military honours, not only by the corps of Dumfries volunteers, of which he was a member, but by the Fencible Infantry, and a regiment of the Cinque Port Cavalry, then quartered in Dumfries.

DEDICATION.



TO

THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

A SCOTTISH BARD, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the *plough*, and threw her inspiring *mantle* over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so

hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favours : I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen ; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated ; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party ; and may Social Joy await your return : when harrassed in courts or camps, with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native seats ; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates ! May Corruption shrink at your kindling, indignant glance ; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe !

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude, and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

Edinburgh, April 4, 1787.

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POEMS,
CHIEFLY SCOTTISH,

THE TWA DOGS,
A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
'That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
Was keepit for his honour's pleasure;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lockit, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, nae pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin
Wi' ony tinkler gipsy's messin:
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stant't as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes and hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, roving billie,

Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
 After some dog in Highland sang,*
 Was made lang syne—Gude kens how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
 As every lap a sheugh or dyke;
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
 Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
 His breast was white, his towzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
 His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 And unco pack and thick thegither;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit;
 Whiles mice and moudieworts they howkit;
 Whiles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
 And worried ither in diversion;
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 And there began a lang digression,
 About the *lords of the creation*.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kain, and a' his stents;
 He rises when he likes himsel';
 His flunkies answer at the bell:
 He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
 He draws a bonny silken purse,

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's *Pingal*.

As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,
The yellow-letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
And though the gentry first are stechin,
Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie,
Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant man,
His Honour has in a' the lan';
And what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whiles they're fash't eneugh;
A cottar howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic like;
Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddy weans,
And nought but his han' darg to keep
Them right and tight in thack and rape.

And when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want of masters,
Ye mast wad think, a wee touch langer
And they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;
But how it comes I never kend yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
And buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then, to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit;

L—d man! our gentry care sae little
For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day
And mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they mon thole a factor's snash;
He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
And bear it a', and fear and tremble!
I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches.

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think;
Though constantly on poortith's brink:
They're sae accustom'd wi the sight,
The view o't gi'es them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided;
And though fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

And whiles twalpenney worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts;
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
And ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*.

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,
 They get the jovial, rantin kirns,
 When *rural life* o' every station,
 Unite in common recreation;
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins
 They bar the door on frosty win's;
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 And sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
 The lunting pipe, and sneeshing mill,
 Are handed round wi' right gude-will;
 The canty auld folk cracking crouse,
 The young anes ranting through the house.
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre often play'd.
 There's mony a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest-fassont folk,
 Are riven out baith root and branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle master,
 Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin,
 For Britain's gude his saul indentin.—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
 For *Britain's gude!* gude faith, I doubt it!
 Say rather, gaun, as *Premiers* lead him,
 And saying *ay* or *no's* they bid him!
 At operas and plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
 To *Hague* or *Calais* taks a waft,

To mak a tour and tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton*, and see the warl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by *Madrid* he takes the route,
To thrum guitars and fetcht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles;
Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
And clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of carnival signoras,
For Britain's gude! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, and faction.

LUATH.

Hech, man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae monie a braw estate?
Are we sae foughten and harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last?

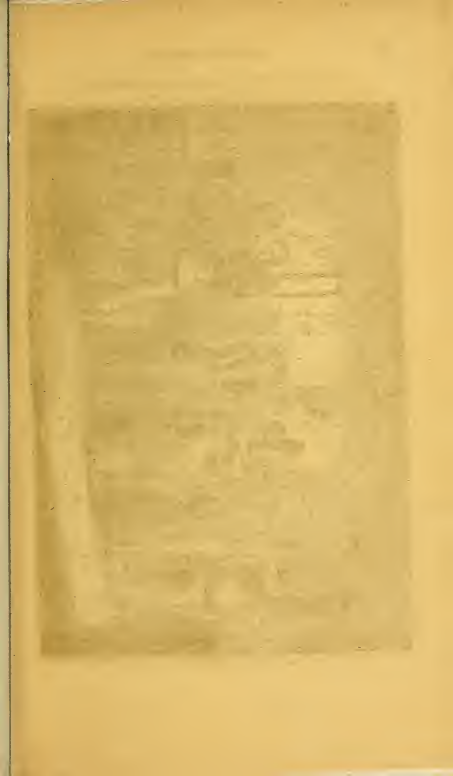
O wad they stay aback frae courts,
And please themsels wi' country sports,
It wad for every ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, and the cottar!
For the frank, rantin, rambling billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows,
Except for breaking o' their timmer,
Or speaking lightly o' their limmer,
Or shooting o' a hair or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they'r ill to poor folk.

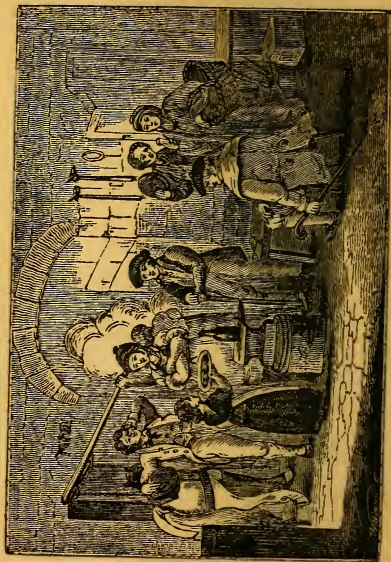
But will ye tell me, Maister *Cæsar*,
Sure great folk's life's a life of pleasure!
Nae could nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The very thought o't needna fear them,

CÆSAR.

L—d, man ! were ye but whiles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they needna starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld or simmer's heat ;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
And fill auld age wi' grips and granes :
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them,
And aye the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them :
A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'd, he's right enough ;
A country lassie at her wheel ;
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel ;
But gentlemen, and ladies warst,
Wi' evendown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank and lazy ;
Though de'il haet ails them, yet uneasy ;
Their days insipid, dull, and tasteless ;
Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless ;
And e'en their sports, their balls, and races,
Their galloping through public places ;
There's sic parade, sic pomp and art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then souther a' in deep debauches :
Ae night they're mad wi' drink and wh-ring,
Neist day their life is past enduring.
The ladies arm-in-arm, in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters ;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run de'ils and jades thegither.
Whiles, owre the wee bit cup and plaitie,
They sip the scandal-potion pretty ;





Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
And aits set up their awnie horn,
And pease and beans at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, and keeps us livin';
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin',
When heavy dragg'd wi pine and grievin';
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down hill, scrievin',
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
At's weary toil;
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy siller weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head:
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
The poor man's wine;
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saints,
By thee inspired,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fired.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin on a New-year mornin
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
And gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
And ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz and freath
I' the luggit caup!
Then *Burnewin** comes on like death
At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy then for airn or steel;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel
The strong forehammer,
Till block and studdie ring and reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin cuifs their dearies slight;
Wae worth the name!
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

* *Burnewin*—*Burn*—*the*—*wind*—the Blacksmith.

When neebors anger at a plea,
And just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the *barley bree*
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason;
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
And hardly, in a winter's season,
E'en spier her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain and brash!
Twins monie a poor, doylt drucken hash
O hauf his days;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well!
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless deevils like mysel!
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wretch,
And gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out-owre a glass o' *whisky-punch*.
Wi' honest men.

O *Whisky!* soul o' plays and pranks!
Accept a Bardie's humble thanks!

When wantin thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses!
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a—s!

Thee *Ferintosh*! O sadly lost!
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, and barking hoast,
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast,
Is ta'en awa!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the *Whisky Stells* their prize!
Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, seize the blinkers;
An' bake them up in brunstane pies,
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, and *Whisky gill*,
And routh o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest,
And deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S
EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*

TO THE
SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF
COMMONS.

Dearest of Distillation ! last and best—
How art thou lost!—

Parody on Milton.

YE Irish lords, ye knights and squires,
Wha *represent* our brughs and shires,
And doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,
To you a simple Poet's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas ! my roupet muse is hearse !
Your Honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sitting on her a—
Low i' the dust,
And scriechin out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust !

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' *me's* in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On *Aquavitæ* ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

* This was written before the act anent the Scottish Distilleries, of session 1786; for which Scotland and the author return their most grateful thanks.

Stand forth, and tell yon *Premier Youth*,
The honest, open, naked truth ;
Tell him o' mine and Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble :
The muckle deevil blaw ye south,
If ye dissemble !

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom !
Speak out, and never fash your thumb :
Let posts and pensions sink or soom
Wi' them wha grant 'em ;
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In gatherin votes you were na slack ;
Now stand as tightly by your tack ;
Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your back,
And hum and haw ;
But raise your arm, and tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissel,
Her mutchkin-stoup as toom's a whissel ;
And damm'd Excisemen in a bussel,
Seizin a *Stell*,
Triumphant, crushin't like a mussel,
Or lampit shell.

Then, on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard smuggler right behint her,
And cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner,
Colleaguin join,
Picking per pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

Is there that bears the name o' *Scot*,
But feels his heart's blude rising hot,

To see his poor auld Mither's *pot*
 Thus dung in staves,
 An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
 By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
 Trod i' the mire clean out o' sight!
 But could I like *Montgom'rie* fight,
 Or gab like *Boswell*,
 There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
 And tie some hose well.

God bless your honours! can ye see't,
 The kind, auld, cantie carlin greet,
 An' no get warmly to your feet,
 An' gar them hear it,
 An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
 Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
 To round the period an' pause,
 An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
 To mak harangues;
 Then echo thro' St. Stephen's wa's,
 Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'se warran;
 Thee, aith-detesting chaste *Kilkerran*;^{*}
 An' that glib-gabbet Highland baron,
 The laird o' *Graham*;†
 An' ane, a chap that's d—n'd auldfarran,
 Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
 True *Campbells*, *Frederick*, an' *Ilay*;

* Sir Adam Ferguson.

† The present Duke of Montrose.—(1800.)

An' *Livingstone*, the bauld *Sir Willie*;
 An' mony ithers,
 Wham auld Demosthenes or Tully
 Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
 To get auld Scotland back her *kettle*;
 Or faith, I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
 You'll see't or lang.
 She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
 Anither sang.

This while she's been in cank'rous mood,
 Her *lost militia* fired her bluid;
 (Deil na they never mair do guid,
 Play'd her that pliskie!)
 And now she's like to rin red-wud
 About her whisky.

An', L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
 Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
 An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
 She'll tak the streets,
 An' rin her whittle to the hilt
 I' th' first she meets!

For God sake, sirs! then speak her fair,
 An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
 An' to the muckle house repair,
 Wi' instant speed,
 An' strive, wi' a' your wit and lear,
 To get remead.

Yon ill-tongued tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
 May taunt you wi' his jeers and mocks;
 But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
 E'en cove the caddie,
 And send him to his dicing-box
 And sportin lady.

Tell you guid bluid o' auld *Boconnocks*,
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
 An' drink his health in auld *Nanse Tinnock's**
 Nine times a week,
 If he some scheme, like tea and winnocks,
 Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,
 I'll pledge my aith in gude braid Scotch,
 He needna fear their foul reproach,
 Nor erudition,
 Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
 The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue ;
 She's just a deevil wi' a rung ;
 An' if she promise auld or young
 To tak their part,
 Though by the neck she should be strung,
 She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-forty*,
 May still your Mither's heart support ye ;
 Then, though a minister grow dorty,
 An' kick your place,
 Ye'll snap your fingers, poor and hearty,
 Before his face.

God bless your Honours a' your days,
 Wi' soups o' kail and brats o' claise,
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
 That haunt *St. Jamie's* !
 Your humble poet sings an' prays
 While Rab his name is.

* A worthy old hostess of the author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studied politics over a glass of gude auld Scotch Drink.

POSTSCRIPT.

LET hauf-starved slaves in warmer skies,
See future wines rich clust'ring rise ;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
 But blythe and frisky,
She eyes her free-born, martial boys,
 Tak aff their whisky.

What though their Phœbus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms !
When wretches range in famish'd swarms
 The scented groves,
Or bounded forth, dishonour arms
 In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shouter ;
They downa bide the stink o' powther ;
Their bauldest thought's a hankering swither
 To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
 To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotsman* frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, sic is royal *George's* will,
 And there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
 Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
Death comes !—wi' fearless ee he sees him ;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him ;
 An' when he fa's
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
 In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
 And raise a philosophic reek,
 And physically causes seek,
 In clime and season;
 But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,
 I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither!
 Though whyles ye moistify your leather,
 Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
 Ye tine your dam:
Freedom and *Whisky* gan thegither,
 Tak aff your dram!

—o—

THE HOLY FAIR.*

A robe of seeming truth and trust
 Hid crafty observation;
 And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
 The dirk of Defamation:
 A mask that like the gorget show'd,
 Dye-varying on the pigeon;
 And for a mantle large and broad,
 He wrapt him in religion.
 Hypocrisy a-la-Mode.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face was fair,
 I walked forth to view the corn,
 And snuff the caller air:
 The rising sun o'er *Galston* muris,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin;
 The hares were hirpling down the furs,
 The lav'rocks they were chantin
 Fu' sweet that day.

* Holy Fair is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a Sacramental occasion.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene so gay,
 Three hizzies, early at the road,
 Cam skelpin up the way :
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining ;
 The third, that gaed a-wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining,
 Fu' gay that day.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,
 In feature, form, and claes ;
 Their visage wither'd, lang, and thin,
 And sour as ony slaes :
 The *third* cam up, hap-stap-and-loup,
 As light as ony lambie,
 And wi' a kutchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, " Sweet lass,
 I think ye seem to ken me ;
 I'm sure I've seen that bonny face,
 But yet I canna name ye."
 Quo' she, and laughing as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hands,
 " Ye for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
 Of a' the Ten Commands
 A screed some day.

" My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
 The nearest friend ye hae ;
 And this is *Superstition* here,
 And that *Hypocrisy*.
 I'm gaun to ***** *Holy Fair*,
 To spend an hour in daffin :
 Gin ye'll gae there, yon runkled pair,
 We will get famous laughin
 At them this day."

Quoth I, "Wi' a' my heart, I'll do't ;
 I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
 And meet you on the holy spot ;
 Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin'!"
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
 And soon I made me ready ;
 For roads were clad frae side to side,
 Wi' mony a weary body,
 In droves that day.

Here farmers gash, in riding graith,
 Gaed hoddin by their cottars ;
 There, swankies young, in braw braid claith,
 Are swingin o'er the gutters.
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In silks and scarlets glitter ;
 Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in mony a whang,¹
 And *farls* baked wi' butter,
 Fu' crump that day.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
 And we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On every side they're gatherin,
 Some gathering dales, some chairs and stools,
 And some are busy blethrin
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra Gentry,
 There *racer Jess*, an' twa-three wh-res,
 Are blinkin at the entry.
 Here sits a raw of tittlin jades,
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
 And there a batch o' wabster lads,
 Blackguardin frae K————ck
 For *fun* this day.

Here some are thinkin on their sins,
 An' some upon their claes;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither sighs and prays:
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces;
 On that a set o' chaps at watch,
 Thrang winkin on the lasses
 To cha'rs that day.

O happy is that man and blest!
 Nae wonder that it pride him!
 Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkin down beside him.
 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
 He sweetly does compose him,
 Which by degrees, slips round her neck,
 An's loof upon her bosom,
 Unkenn'd that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation;
 For M***ie speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t—n.
 Should *Hornie* as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G— present him,
 The vera sight o' M***ie's face,
 To's ain het home had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith,
 Wi' rattlin and wi' thumpin;
 How meekly calm, how wild in wrath,
 He's stampin and he's jumpin!
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,
 Oh! how they fire the heart devout,
 Like cantharidian plasters,
 On sic a day.

But hark ! the *tent* has chang'd its voice ;
 There's peace and rest nae langer ;
 For a' the *real judges* rise,
 They canna sit for anger.
 S**th opens out his cauld harangues
 On practice and on morals ;
 And aff the godly pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars and barrels
 A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine
 Of moral powers and reason ?
 His English style, and gestures fine,
 Are a' clean out o' season.
 Like *Socrates* or *Antomine*,
 Or some auld pagan heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But near a word o' faith in
 That's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum ;
 For P**bles, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum :
 See, up he's got the word o' G—,
 And meek and mim has view'd it,
 While *Common Sense* has ta'en the road,
 And aff, and up the Cowgate,*
 Fast, fast that day.

Wee M****r, neist, the guard relieves,
 And Orthodoxy raibles,
 Though in his heart he weel believes,
 And thinks it auld wife's fables :
 But faith ! the birkie wants a manse,
 So cannily he hums them ;

* A street so called which faces the *tent* in K——.

Although his carnal wit and sense
 Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him,
 At times that day.

Now butt and ben the change-house fills
 Wi' yill-caup commentators ;
 Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
 And there the pint-stoup clatters ;
 While thick and thrang, and loud and lang,
 Wi' Logic and wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din, that in the end
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on Drink ! it gies us mair
 Than either School or College,
 It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear,
 It pangs us fu' o' Knowledge :
 Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinking deep,
 To kittle up our notion,
 By night or day.

The lads and lasses, blythely bent
 To mind baith saul and body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 And steer about the toddy.
 On this ane's dress, and that ane's leuk,
 They're making observations ;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 And forming assignations,
 To meet some day.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin,
 And echoes back return the shouts :
 Black R*****l is na spairin ;

His piercing words, like Highland swords,
Divide the joints and marrow;
His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell,
Our vera sauls does harrow !*
Wi' fright that day.

A vast unbottom'd boundless pit,
Fill'd fu' o' lowin brunstane,
Wha's ragin flame, and schorchin heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane !
The hauf asleep start up wi' fear,
And think they hear it roarin,
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neighbour snorin
Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
How mony stories past,
And how they crowded to the yill,
When they were a' dismissit;
How drink gaed round, in cogs and caups,
Amang the furms and benches,
And cheese and bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

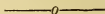
In comes a gaucie, gash Gudewife,
And sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck and her knife;
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld Gudemen, about the *grace*,
From side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
And gies them't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

* Shakspeare's Hamlet.

Waesuck's for him that gets nae lass,
 Or lasses that hae naething!
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claithing!
 O wives, be mindfu', ance yoursel,
 How bonnie lads ye wanted,
 And dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day.

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlin tow,
 Begins to jow and croon;
 Some swagger hame the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At slaps the billies halt a blink,
 Till lasses strip their shoon:
 Wi' faith and hope, and love and drink,
 They're a' in famous tune
 For crack that day.

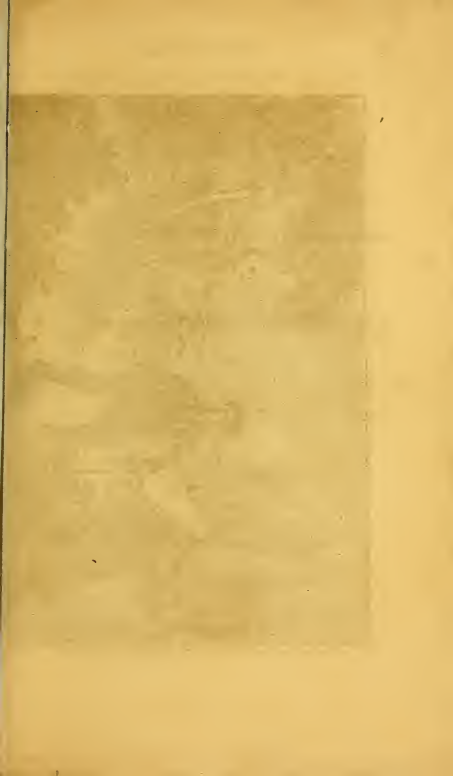
How many hearts this day converts,
 O' sinners and o' lasses!
 Their hearts a stane, gin night are gane
 As soft as ony flesh is.
 There's some are fou o' love divine;
 There's some are fou o' brandy;
 An' mony jobs that day begin,
 May end in Houghmagandie
 Some ither day.



DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penn'd;





Ev'n ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing whid, at times to vend,
 And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
 Which lately on a night befell,
 Is just as true 's the Deil's in hell,
 Or Dublin city;
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel
 'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
 I was na fou, but just had plenty;
 I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
 To free the ditches:
 And hillocks, stanes, and bushes, kenn'd ay
 Frae ghaists and witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r
 The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre;
 To count her horns wi' a' my pow'r
 I set mysel;
 But whether she had three or four,
 I cou'dna tell.

I was come round about the hill,
 And todlin down on *Willie's mill*,
 Setting my staff, wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me sicker;
 Though leeward whyles against my will,
 I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* did forgather,
 That put me in an eerie swither;
 An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouter,
 Clear-dangling, hang;
 A three-taed leister on the ither
 Lay, large and lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava!

And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp, as sma'
As cheeks o' branks!

"Gude-een," quo' I; "Friend! hae ye been mawin,
When ither folk are busy sawin?"*

It seem'd to mak a kind o' staun,
But naething spak;
At length, says I, "Friend! whare ye gaun?
Will ye gae back?"

It spak right howe:—"My name is *Death*—
But be no fley'd."—Quoth I, "Gude faith,
Ye're maybe come to stop my breath;

But tent me, billie;
I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
See, there's a gully!"

"Gudeman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle

To be mislear'd,
I wadna mind it, no that spittle;
Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel," says I, "a bargain be't;
Come, gie's your hand, and say we're greet;
We'll ease our shanks and tak a seat,

Come, gie's your news;
This while† ye hae been mony a gate,
At mony a house."

* This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.

† An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

“ Ay, ay!” quo’ he, and shook his head,
 “ It’s e’en a lang, lang time indeed
 Sin’ I began to nick the thread,
 And choke the breath :
 Folk maun do something for their bread,
 And sae maun *Death*.

“ Sax thousand years are near hand fled,
 Sin’ I was to the butch’ring bred,
 And mony a scheme in vain’s been laid
 To stap or scaur me ;
 Till ane *Hornbrook’s** taen up the trade,
 And faith he’ll waur me.

“ Ye ken *Jock Hornbrook* i’ the Clachan,
 Deil mak his king’s-hood in a spleuchan !
 He’s grown sae weel acquaint wi’ *Buchan*†
 And ither chaps,
 The weans haud out their fingers, laughin,
 And pouk my hips.

“ See, here’s a scythe, and there’s a dart,
 They hae pierced monie a gallant heart :
 But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi’ his art
 And cursed skill,
 Has made them baith nae worth a f—t,
 Damn’d haet they’ll kill.

“ ’Twas but yestreen, na farther gane,
 I threw a noble dart at ane :
 Wi’ less, I’m sure, I’ve hundreds slain ;
 But deil-ma-care,

* This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is professionally a brother of the Sovereign Order of the Ferula ; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

† *Buchan’s Domestic Medicine*.

It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

"*Hornbook* was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortified the part,
That when I looked to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
O' a kail-runt.

"I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
Withstood the shock ;
I might as weel hae tried a quarry
O' hard whin-rock.

"Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Although their face he ne'er had kenn'd it,
Tust —— in a kail-blade and send it ;
As soon's he smells't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At ance he tell'st.

"And then o' doctor's saws and whittles,
Of a' dimentions, shapes, and mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, and bottles,
He's sure to hae :
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A, B, C.

"Calces o' fossils, earth, and trees ;
True sal-marinum o' the seas ;
The farina o' beans and pease,
He has't in plenty ;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
He can content ye.

“ Forbye some new uncommon weapons,
 Urinus spiritus o’ capons :
 Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 Distill’d *per se* ;
 Sal-alkali o’ midge-tail clippings,
 And monie mae.”

“ Waes me for *Johnny Ged’s Hole** now,”
 Quoth I, “ if that the news be true !
 His braw calf-ward, whare gowans grew
 Sae white and bonny,
 Nae doubt they’ll rive it wi’ the plew :
 They’ll ruin *Johnny* !”

The creature grain’d an eldritch laugh,
 And says, “ Ye needna yoke the pleugh,
 Kirk-yards will soon be till’d eneugh,
 Tak ye na fear ;
 They’ll a’ be trench’d wi’ mony a sheugh,
 In twa-three year.

“ Where I kill’d ane a fair strae death,
 By loss o’ bluid, or want o’ breath,
 This night I’m free to tak my aith,
 That *Hornbook’s* skill
 Has clad a score i’ their last claith,
 By drap and pill.

“ An honest Wabster to his trade,
 Whase wife’s twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
 Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
 When it was sair ;
 The wife slade cannie to her bed,
 But ne’er spak mair.

* The grave-digger.

“ A countra Laird had ta'en the bats,
Or some curmurring in his guts ;
His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
And pays him well :
The lad, for twa gude gimmer pets,
Was Laird himsel'.

“ A Bonny lass, ye kenn’d her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hoved her wame ;
She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
In *Hornbook’s* care ;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

“That’s just a swatch o’ *Hornbook’s* way ;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an’ slay,
 An’s weel paid for’t;
Yet stops me o’ my lawfu’ prey
 Wi’ his d-mn’d dirt :

“ But, hark ! I’ll tell you of a plot,
Tho’ dinna ye be speaking o’t ;
I’ll nail the self-conceited Scot
As dead’s a herrin :
Niest time we meet, I’ll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin ! ”

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the *twa*,
Which rais'd us baith :
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
And sae did *Death*.

THE BRIGS OF AYR :

A POEM.

Inscribed to J. BALLANTYNE, Esq. Ayr.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from every bough ;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush ;
 The soaring lark, the perching redbreast shrill,
 Or deep-ton'd plovers, gray, wild whistling o'er the hill ;
 Shall he, nurs'd in the Peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy Independence bravely bred,
 By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes ?
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose ?
 No ! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest Fame, his great, his dear reward.
 Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace ;
 When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-worn crap ;
 Potato-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting frosty breath ;

The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs, delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek :
 The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide ;
 The feather'd field mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :
 (What warm, poetie heart, but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds !)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs ;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit hauf-lang tree ;
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
 While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.
 'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh o' *Ayr*,
 By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
 He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
 And down by *Simpson's** wheel'd the left about ;
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;
 Or whether wrapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where nor why :)
 The drowsy *Dungeon-clock*† had number'd two,
 And *Wallace Tower*† had sworn the fact was true :
 The tide-swoln frith, with sullen sounding roar,
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore
 All else was hush'd as Nature's closed ee ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.

The two steeples.

The chilly frost beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream—

When lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sugh of whistling winds he heard;
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
Swift as the *Goss*† drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on the *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers*.
Our warlike Rhymer instantly descry'd
The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preside,
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo o' the sp'ritual folk:
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a' they can explain them,
And ev'n the very deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face;
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warsl'd lang,
Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams* got;
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stanking round wi' anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch;
It chanc'd his new come neighbour took his ee,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he;
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this gude-e'en—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank,
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
Tho' faith, that day, I doubt, ye'll never see;

† The Goss-hawk, or Falcon.

There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
Will your poor narrow foot-path o' a street,
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk, o' stane and lime,
Compare wi' bonny *Brigs* o' modern time?
There's men o' taste wad tak the *Ducat-stream*,*
Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,
Ere they wad grate their feelings wi' the view
O' sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood and tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a *Brig* when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills, where springs the brawling *Coil*,
Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,
Or whare the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,
Or haunted *Garpal*† draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds and spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rcwes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams, and mills, and brigs, a' to the gate;

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

† The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghaists*, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

And from *Glenbuck*† down to the *Rotton-key*,§
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea ;
 Then down ye'll hurl—deil nor ye never rise !
 And dash the jumlie jouns up to the pouring skies.
 A lesson, sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost.

NEW BRIG.

Fine *Architecture*, trowth, I needs must say't o't !
 The L—d bethankit that we've tint the gate o't !
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging, with threat'ning jut, like precipices ;
 O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves ;
 Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest ;
 Forms, like some bedlam-statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the *second dread command* be free,
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air or sea ;
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason, reptile, bird, or beast ;
 Fit only for a doited monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace ;
 Or cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion
 That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion ;
 Fancies that our gude Brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection !

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !

† The source of the river Ayr.

§ A small landing-place above the large key.

Ye worthy *Proveses* and mony a *Bailie*,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye :
 Ye dainty *Deacons*, and ye douce *Conveners*,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners ;
 Ye godly *Councils* wha hae blest this town ;
 Ye godly *Brethren* o' the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gie your *hurdies* to the *smitters* ;
 (And what wad now be strange) ye *godly Writers* !
 A' ye douce folk I've born aboon the broo,
 Were ye but here, what wad ye say or do ?
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration ;
 And, agonizing, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base degenerate race !
 Nae langer *Rev'rend Men*, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots haud forth a plain braid story !
 Nae langer thrifty *Citizens*, and douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house ;
 But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
 The herriment and ruin of the country ;
 Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new *Brigs*
 and *Harbours* !

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there ! for faith ye've said enow,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through,
 As for your priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle :
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd ;
 To liken them to your auld-warl' squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal :
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In a' the pomp o' ignorant conceit ;
 Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd liberal views in bonds and seisins.

If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them wi' a glimmer o' his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense for aince betray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell; but all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet;
 While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
 O had *M'Lauchlan*,* thairm-inspiring Sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When through his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with
 Highland rage,
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief, advanc'd in years;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty, hand in hand with Spring;

* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

Then crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye :
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nodding corn ;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
 Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
 From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts hide ;
 Benevolence, with mild benignant air,
 A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair* ;†
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
 From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode :
 Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken iron instruments of death ;
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling
 wrath.

—o—

THE ORDINATION.

For sense, they little owe to frugal Heaven—
 To please the Mob they hide the little given.

KILMARNOCK Wabsters, fidge and claw,
 And pour your creeshie nations ;
 And ye wha leather rax and draw,
 Of a' denominations ;
 Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane and a',
 And there tak up your stations ;
 Then aff to *Begbie's* in a raw,
 And pour divine libatins
 For joy this day.

† The poet alludes here to Mrs. Stewart of Stair.—Stair was then in her possession. She afterwards removed to Afton-Lodge, on the banks of the Afton, a stream which he afterwards celebrated in a song, entitled "Afton Water."

Curst Common-Sense, that imp o' hell,
 Cam in wi' Maggy Lauder,*
 But Oliphant aft made her yell,
 And Russel sair misca'd her;
 This day M'Kinlay taks the flail,
 And he's the boy will blaud her!
 He'll clap a *shangan* on her tail,
 And set the bairns to daub her
 Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste and turn King David owre,
 And lilt wi' holy clangor;
 O' double verse come gie us four,
 And skirl up the Bangor:
 This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
 For Heresy is in her power,
 And gloriously she'll whang her
 Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
 And touch it aff wi' vigour,
 How graceless *Ham*† leugh at his dad,
 Which made *Canaan* a Niger;
 Or *Phineas*‡ drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour;
 Or *Zipporah*§ the scaulding jade,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
 And bind him down wi' caution,

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L. to the Laigh Kirk.

† Genesis, ix.

Numbers, xxv.

§ Exodus, iv.

That *stipend* is a carnal weed
 He taks but for the fashion ;
 And gie him o'er the flock to feed,
 And punish each transgression ;
 Especial *rams* that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin,
 Spare them nae day.

Now auld *Kilmarnock* cock thy tail,
 And toss thy horns fu' canty ;
 Nae mair thou'lt rowt out-owre the dale,
 Because thy pasture's scanty ;
 For lapfu's large o' *gospel kail*
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 And *runts o' grace*, the pick and wale,
 No gien by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,
 To think upon our *Zion* ;
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-drying :
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tuneful cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be trying ;
 Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,
 And a' like lamb-tails flyin
 Fu' fast this day !

Lang *Patronage* wi' rod o' airn,
 Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
 As lately *Fenwick*, sair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin :
 Our Patron, honest man ! *Glencairn*,
 He saw mischief was brewin ;
 And, like a godly elect bairn,
 He's waled us out a true ane,
 And sound this day,

Now, *Robinson*, harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab for ever ;
 Or try the wicked town o' *Ayr*,
 For there they'll think you clever ;
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,
 You may commence a Shaver ;
 Or to the *Netherton* repair,
 An turn a carpet-weaver
 Aff-hand this day.

Mutrie and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones ;
 And *Hornie* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,
 Just like a winkin baudrons :
 And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons ;
 But now his honour maun detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes,
 She's swingein through the city,
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !
 I vow its unco pretty :
 There Learning, wi' his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common-Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to *Jamie Beattie*
 Her 'plaint this day.

But there's Morality himsel'
 Embracing a' opinions ;
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions ;
 See how she peels the skin and fell,
 As ane were peeling onions !
 Now there—they're packed aff to hell,
 And banish'd our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
 Come bouse about the porter!
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter:
M'Kinlay, Russel, are the boys
 That heresy can torture:
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
 And cow her measure shorter
 By th' head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here's for a conclusion,
 To every *New Light** mother's son,
 From this time forth, confusion:
 If mair they deave us wi' their din,
 Or Patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
 We'll rin them aff in fusion
 Like oil, some day.



THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. —.

On his Text, Malachi, chap. iv. ver. 2—"And they shall go forth, and grow up like calves of the stall."

RIGHT, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
 Though heretics may laugh;
 For instance, there's yoursel just now,
 God knows, an unco *Calf*!

* *New Lights* is a cant phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, has defended so strenuously.

And should some patron be so kind
 As bless you wi' a kirk,
 I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find
 Ye're still as great a *Stirk*!

But if the Lover's raptur'd hour
 Shall ever be yor lot,
 Forbid it, every heavenly Power,
 You e'er should be a *Stot*!

Tho' when some kind, connubial dear,
 Your but-and-ben adorns,
 The like has been, that you may wear
 A noble head o' *horns*!

And in your lug, most reverend *James*,
 To hear you roar and rowt,
 Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
 To rank among the *Nowte*!

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
 Below a grassy hillock,
 Wi' justice they may mark your head—
 "Here lies a famous *Bullock*!"

—o—

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned pow'rs,
 That led the embattled Seraphim to war.
Milton.

O THOU, whatever title suit thee,
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
 Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
 Clos'd under hatches,

Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches !

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
And let poor damned bodies be ;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a *deil*,
To skelp and scaud poor dogs like me,
And hear us squeel !

Great is thy pow'r, and great thy fame,
Far kend and noted is thy name ;
And tho' yon lowan heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far ;
And faith, thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, rangin like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes and corners tryin ;
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
Tirling the kirks ;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend *Grannie* say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray,
Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Grannie* summon
To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman,
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone !
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees comin,
Wi' heavy groan !

Ae dreary, windy, winter, night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentint light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
 Ayont the loch ;
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stoor, quaick—quaick—
 Amang the springs
Away ye squatter'd, like a drake,
 On whistling wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, and wither'd *hags*,
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs and dizzy crags
 Wi' wicked speed,
And in kirkyards renew their leagues
 Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil and pain,
May plunge and plunge the kirk in vain ;
For, oh ! the yellow treasure's taen
 By witchin skill ;
And dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
 As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse
On young gudeman, fond, keen, and crouse ;
When the best wark-loom i' the house,
 By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
And float the jinglin icy boord,

Then *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord
By your direction,
And 'nighted trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversing *Spunkies*
Decoy the wight that late and drunk is;
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When *Mason's* mystic word and grip
In storms and tempests raise ye up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest Brither ye wad whup
Aff straight to hell!

Lang syne, in *Eden's* bonny yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
And a' the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld sneck-drawin' dog!
Ye cam to Paradise incog.,
And play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
And gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds and reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better folk.

And sklented on the *man of Uz*
Your spitefu' joke?

And how ye gat him i' your thrall,
And brak him out o' house and hall,
While scabs and blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
And lows'd his ill-tongued wicked scawl,
Was warst ava'.

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares and fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day *Michael** did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

And now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner, jinkin,
And cheat you yet.

But, fare ye weel, auld *Nickie-ben*!
O wad ye tak a thought and men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a *stake*—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

* Vide Milton, Book, VI.

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF
POOR MAILIE.

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An unco mornfu' Tale.

As *Mailie* and her lambs, thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon the cloot she coost a hitch,
And owre she warsled in the ditch;
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When *Hughoc** he came doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, and lifted han's,
Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand endit,
By, waes my heart! he cou'dna mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak!
At length poor *Mailie* silence brak:

“ O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My *dying words* attentive hear,
And bear them to my Master dear:

“ Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O! bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair,
But ca' them out to park or hill,
And let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase, and grow
To scores o' lambs and packs o' woo.

* A neighbour herd-callan.

Tell him, he was a Master kin',
And aye was gude to me and mine;
And now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

“ O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs, and tods, and butchers' knives!
But gie them gude cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel;
And tent them duly, e'en and morn,
Wi' teats o' hay and ribs o' corn.

“ And may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile wanrestfu' *pets*!
To slink thro' slaps, and reave and steal
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For mony a year come thro' the sheers:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
And bairns greet for them when they're dead.

“ My poor *toop-lamb*, my son and heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
And if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast;
And warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
And no to rin and wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

“ And neist, my *yowie*, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop!
But aye keep mind to moop and mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel.

“ And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I leave my blessin wi' you baith;
And when you think upon your mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither,

" Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail
 To tell my master a' my tale;
 And bid him burn this cursed tether;
 And for thy pains thou's get my blether."

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
 And clos'd her een amang the dead!

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
 Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
 Our bardie's fate is at a close,
 Past a' remead;
 The last sad cape-stane of his woes;
 Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warld's gear,
 That could sae bitter draw the tear,
 Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
 The mourning weed;
 He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
 In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him;
 A lang half-mile she could descry him;
 Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
 She ran wi' speed;
 A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
 Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
 And could behave hersel wi' mense;
 I'll say't, she never brak a fence
 Thro' thievish greed.
 Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
 Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image, in her *yowe*,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
 For bits o' bread;
And down the briny pearls rowe
 For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' muirland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, and hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships
 Frae yont the *Twæed*!
A bonnier *fleesh* ne'er cross'd the clips
 Than *Mailie* dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile wanchancie thing—a *rape*!
It maks gude fellows girn and gape
 Wi' chokin dread;
An' *Robin's* bonnet wave wi' crape,
 For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonny *Doon*!
And wha on *Ayr* your chanter's tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
 O' *Robin's* reed!
His heart will never get aboon
 His *Mailie* dead!

TO JAMES SMITH.

MAUCHLINE.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
 Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
 I owe thee much. *Blair.*

DEAR *Smith*, the sleest, pawkie thief,
 That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
 You surely hae some warlock-breef
 Owre human hearts;
 For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
 Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun and moon,
 And every star that blinks aboon,
 Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon,
 Just gaun to see you,
 And every ither pair that's done,
 Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
 To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
 She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
 On her *first* plan,
 And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
 She's wrote—*the Man*.

Just now I've ta'en the fit of rhyme,
 My barmie noddle's working prime,
 My fancy yerkit up sublime
 Wi' hasty summon:
 Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
 To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash ;
 Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash ;
 Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
 And raise a din ;
 For me, an *aim* I never fash—
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 And damn'd my fortune to the groat ;
 But, in requit,
 Has blest me wi' a random shot
 O' countra wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a sklent,
 To try my fate in gude black *prent* ;
 But still the mair I'm that way bent,
 Something cries, " Hoolie !
 I red you, honest man, tak tent !
 Ye'll shaw your folly.

" There's ithers poets, much your betters,
 Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,
 Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors
 A' future ages ;
 Now moths deform, in shapeless tatters,
 Their unknown pages."

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
 To garland my poetic brows !
 Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
 And teach the lanely heights and howes
 My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, wi' tentless heed
 How never-halting moments speed,

Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone !

But why o' Death begin a tale ?
Just now we're living sound and hale ;
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave *Care* o'er side ?
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That, wielded right,
Make hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield :
For, ance that five-and-forty's speel'd,
See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hoastin, hirplin owre the field,
Wi' creepin pace.

When ance *life's day* draws near the gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin ;
And fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin,
And social noise ;
And fareweel dear deluding *woman*,
The joy o' joys !

O Life ! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away.

Like school-boys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near
Amang the leaves ;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spat,
For which they never toil'd nor swat ;
They drink the sweet, and eat the fat,
But care or pain ;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
Wi' high disdain.

Wi' steady aim, some Fortune chase ;
Keen Hope does every sinew brace ;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey :
Then cannie, in some cozie place,
They close the *day*.

And ithers, like your humble servan',
Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin ;
To right or left, eternal swervin,
They zigzag on ;
Till curst wi' age, obscure and starvin,
They aften groan.

Alas ! what bitter toil and strainin !—
But truce wi' peevish, poor complainin ;—
Is Fortune's fickle *Luna* wanin ?
Ee'en let her gang !
Beneath what light she has remainin
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, "Ye pow'rs! and warm implore,
Though I should wander *terra o'er*,
In all her climes,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Aye rowth o' rhymes.

"Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
Till icicles hing frae their beards;
Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
And maids of honour:
And yill and whisky gie to *cairds*
Until they sconner.

"A title, *Dempster* merits it;
A *garter* gie to *Willie Pitt*;
Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
In cent. per cent.
But gie me real, sterling wit,
And I'm content.

"While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
I'll sit down owre my scanty meal,
Be't *water-brose*, or *muslin-kail*,
Wi' cheerfu' face,
As lang's the Muses dinna fail
To say the grace."

An anxious ee I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may:
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,

Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives a dyke!

Nae harebrain'd sentimental traces
In your unletter'd nameless faces!
In *arioso* trills and graces,
Ye never stray,
But, *gravissimo*, solemn basses,
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise*,
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rattlin squad;
I see you upward cast your eyes—
Ye ken the road.—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—
Then, *Jamie*, I shall say nae mair,
But quat my sang,
Content, with *you* to mak a pair,
Whare'er I gang.

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason,
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted treason.

[On reading in the public papers, the LAUREATE'S ODE, with the other PARADE of June 4, 1786, the Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee ; and in his dreaming fancy, made the following Address.]

GUDE-MORNING to your *Majesty* !
 May Heav'n augment your blisses,
 On ev'ry new *birth-day* ye see,
 A humble poet wishes !
 My bardship here, at your levee,
 On sic a day as this is,
 Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
 Amang the birth-day dresses
 Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
 By mony a lord and lady !
 ' God save the King ! ' 's a cuckoo sang
 That's unco easy said aye ;
 The *poets*, too, a venal gang,
 Wi' rhymes weel turn'd and ready,
 Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
 But aye unerring steady,
 On sic a day.

For me ! before a monarch's face,
 Ev'n *there* I winna flatter ;
 For neither pension, post, nor place,
 Am I your humble debtor ;

Sae, nae reflection on *your grace*,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's mony waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

'Tis very true my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted;
But facts are chiels that winna ding,
And downa be disputed;
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right left and clouted,
And now the third part o' the string,
And less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

Far be't frae me that I aspire,
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But faith! I muckle doubt, my *Sire*,
Ye've trusted 'ministration
To chaps, wha' in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill their station
Than courts yon day.

And now ye've given auld *Britain* peace,
Her broken shins to plaster;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester;
For me, thank God! my life's a *lease*,
Nae *bargain* wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,
When taxes he enlarges,

(And *Will's* a true gude fallow's get,
 A name not envy spairges),
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 And lessen a' your charges;
 But, G-d-sake! let nae *saving* fit
 Abridge your bonny barges
 And boats this day.

Adieu, my *Liege!* may freedom geck
 Beneath your high protection:
 And may ye rax Corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dissection.
 But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In loyal, true affection,
 To pay your *Queen*, with due respect,
 My fealty and subjection
 This great birth-day.

Hail, *Majesty Most Excellent!*
 While nobles strive to please ye,
 Will ye accept a compliment
 A simple poet gies ye?
 Thae bonny bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze ye?
 In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,
 For ever to release ye
 Frae care that day.

For you, young potentate of *Wales*,
 I tell your *Highness* fairly,
 Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 And curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak *Diana's* pales,
 Or rattled dice wi' *Charlie*,
 By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged *cowte's* been known
 To mak a noble *aiver* ;
 Sae ye may doucely fill a throne,
 For a' their clishmaclaver :
 There, him* at *Agincourt* wha shone,
 Few better were or braver ;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John*,†
 He was an unco shaver
 For mony a day.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg,
 Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
 Although a ribband at your lug
 Wad been a dress completer ;
 As ye disown yon paughty dog
 That bears the keys of Peter,
 Then, swith ! and get a wife to hug,
 Or, troth ! ye'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.

Young, royal *Tarry Brecks*, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her ;
 A glorious *galley*,‡ stem and stern,
 Weel rigg'd for *Venus'* barter ;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple-airn,
 And, large upo' her quarter,
 Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonny blossoms a'
 Ye royal lasses dainty,

* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff. See Shakspeare's Henry IV.

‡ Alluding to the newspaper-account of a certain Royal Sailor's amour.

Heav'n mak you gude as weel as braw,
 And gie you lads a-plenty!
 But sneer na *British boys* awa
 For kings are unco scant aye:
 And German gentles are but sma',
 They're better just than *want aye*,
 On ony day.

God bless you a'! consider now
 Ye're unco muckle dautit;
 But ere the *course* of life be through,
 It may be bitter sautit;
 And I hae seen their *coggie* fou,
 That yet hae tarrow't at it;
 But or the *day* was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae clautit
 Fu' clean that day.



THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.*

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
 The curlers quat their roaring play,
 And hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary *flingin-tree*
 The lee-lang day had tired me;

* Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. ii. of M'Pherson's translation.

And whan the day had clos'd his ee,
 Far i' the west,
 Ben i' the *spence*, right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle cheek
 I sat, and ee'd the spewin reek,
 That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeeke,
 The auld clay biggin;
 And heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the riggin.

A' in this motty, misty clime,
 I backward mus'd on wasted time,
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 And done nae thing,
 But stringing blethers up in rhyme,
 For fools to sing.

Had I to gude advice but harkit,
 I might, by this, hae led a market,
 Or struttit in a bank, and clarkit
 My cash-account;
 While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
 Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, Blockhead! coof!
 And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
 To swear by a' yon starry roof,
 Or some rash aith,
 That I, henceforth, wad be *rhyme-proof*
 Till my last breath—

When, click! the string the sneck did draw;
 And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
 And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
 New bleezing bright,

A tight, outlandish *hizzie*, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye needna doubt, I held my whisht ;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht :
I glow'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen ;
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad *holly-boughs*
Were twisted, gracefu,' round her brows ;
I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,
By that same token ;
And come to stop those reckless vows
Wad soon been broken.

A 'harebrain'd, sentimental trace'
Was strongly marked in her face ;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her ;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen wi' honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;
And sic a leg! my bonny *Jean*
Could only peer it ;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else cam near it.

Her *mantle* large, o' greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand,
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A *well-known* land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost,
There, mountains to the skies were tost ;
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
 Wi' surging foam ;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
 The lordly dome.

Here *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods,
There, well-fed *Irvine* stately thuds :
Auld hermit *Ayr* staw through his woods, ;
 On to the shore ;
And mony a lesser torrent scuds,
 Wi' seemin roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient *borough* rear'd her head ;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a race,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

By staelly tow'r, or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
 I could discern ;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
 Wi' feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race* heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dyed steel
 In sturdy blows :
While back recoiling seem'd to reel
 Their southron foes.

* The Wallaces.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR,* mark him well;
 Bold *Richardton*'s† heroic swell;
 The chief on *Sark*,‡ who glorious fell,
 In high command;
 And *He*, whom ruthless fates expel
 His native land.

There, where a scepter'd *Pictish*|| shade
 Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
 I mark'd a martial race, pourtray'd
 In colours strong;
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
 They strode along.

Through many a wild romantic grove,§
 Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
 (Fit haunts for friendship or for love),
 In musing mood,
 An *aged judge*, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe¶
 The learned *sire* and *son* I saw.

* William Wallace.

† Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.

‡ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought *anno* 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

|| Coilus, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family seat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial-place is still shewn.

§ Barskimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice Clerk.

¶ Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart.

To Nature's God and Nature's law
 They gave their lore :
This, all its source and end to draw,
 That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward* I well could spy,
Beneath old *Scotia's* smiling eye ;
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
Where many a patriot-name on high,
 And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

WITH musing deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heav'nly-seeming *fair* ;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
 She did me greet.

" All hail ! my own inspired Bard,
In me thy native Muse regard !
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 Thus poorly low !
I come to give thee such reward
 As we bestow.

" Know, the great *genius* of this land
Has many a light, aerial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
 Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
 Their labours ply.

* Colonel Fullarton.

“ They *Scotia's* race among them share,
Some fire the soldier on to dare ;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart ;
Some teach the bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

“ 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits pour ;
Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot-lore,
And grace the hand.

“ And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

“ Hence *Fullarton*, the brave and young ;
Hence *Dempster's* zeal-inspiring tongue ;
Hence sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
His ‘ Minstrel lays ;’
Or tore, with nobler ardour stung,
The *sceptic's* bays.

“ To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human-kind,
The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
The Artisan ;
All chuse, as various they're inclin'd,
The various man.

“ When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein ;

Some teach to meliorate the plain
 With tillage-skill ;
And some instruct the shepherd-train,
 Blythe o'er the hill.

“ Some hint the lover's harmless wile ;
Some grace the maiden's artless smile ;
Some sooth the lab'rer's weary toil
 For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 His cares and pains.

“ Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
 Of rustic Bard !
And careful note each op'ning grace,
 A guide and guard.

“ *Of these am I—Coila* my name ;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
 Held ruling pow'r ;
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
 Thy natal hour.

“ With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely caroll'd chiming phrase,
 In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the simple artless lays
 Of other times.

“ I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar ;
Or when the north his fleecy store
 Drove through the sky,

I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

"Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherish'd every flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In ev'ry grove,
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
With boundless love.

"When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

"When youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored *Name*,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To sooth thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven!
But yet the *light* that led astray
Was light from heaven.

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, owre all my wide domains,
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of *Coila's* plains,
Become thy friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
 To paint with *Thomson's* landscape-glow,
 Or wake the bosom-melting throe
 With *Shenstone's* art;
 Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow
 Warm on the heart.

"Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
 The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
 Though large the forest's monarch throws
 His army shade,
 Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
 Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine;
 Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
 And trust me, not *Potosi's* mine,
 Nor king's regard,
 Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
 A rustic Bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,
 Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
 Preserve *the dignity of Man*
 With soul erect!
 And trust, the *Universal Plan*
 Will all protect.

"*And wear thou this*"—she solemn said,
 And bound the *Holly* round my head;
 The polish'd leaves and berries red
 Did rustling play;
 And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.

ADDRESS

TO THE UNCO GUDE, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them aye thegither;
 The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
 The Rigid Wise anither:

The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
 May hae some piles o' caff in;
 Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight
 For random fits o' daffin.

Solomon.—Eccles, vii. 16.

O YE wha are sae gude yoursel,
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
 Your neebour's fauts and folly!
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
 Supply'd wi' store o' water,
 The heapit happer's ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
 As counsel for poor mortals,
 That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
 For glaiket Folly's portals;
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
 Wad here propone defences,
 Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings, and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
 And shudder at the niffer,
 But cast a moment's fair regard,
 What makes the mighty differ?

Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a whallop,
What ragins must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop ;
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way ;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco lee-way.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
A' joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking ;
O wad they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences ;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses !

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before you gie poor *frailty* names,
Suppose a change o' cases ;
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination——
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang ;
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it ;

And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Wha made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each cord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But ken na what's *resistet*.



TAM SAMSON'S* ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—*Pope*.

HAS auld *Kilmarnock* seen the Deil ?
Or great *M'Kinlay*† thrawn his heel ?
Or *Robinson*‡ again grown weel,
To preach and read ?
“Na, waur than a'!” cries ilka chiel,
“*Tam Samson's* dead.”

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and grane,
And sigh, and sab, and greet her lane,

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last muir-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, “the last of his fields,” and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.

† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. *Vide* the “Ordination,” stanza 2.

‡ Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the “Ordination,” stanza 9.

And cleed her bairns, man, wife, and wean,
 In mourning weed ;
To death she's dearly paid the kane,
 Tam Samson's dead.

The brethren o' the mystic *level*
May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel
 Like ony bead ;
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel,
 Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock ;
When to the loughs the curlers flock,
 Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the *cock* ?
 Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like *Jehu* roar
 In time o' need ;
But now he lags on death's *hog-score*,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately saumont sail,
And trouts bedrop'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels, weel kenn'd for souple tail,
 And geds for greed,
Since dark in death's *fish-creel* we wail
 Tam Samson's dead !

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a' ;
Ye cootie muircocks, crousely craw ;
Ye maukins, cock your fuds fu' braw,
 Withouten dread ;

Your mortal fae is now awa',
Tam Samson's dead.

That wofu' morn be ever mourn'd
Saw him in shooting-graith adorn'd,
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed ;
But, och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !
Tam Samson's dead !

In vain auld age his body batters ;
In vain the gout his ancles fetters ;
In vain the burns come down like waters,
An acre braid !
Now every auld wife, greeting, clatters,
Tam Samson's dead !

Owre monie a wearie hag he limpit,
And aye the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behint him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide ;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
Tam Samson's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;
“ Lord, five !” he cried, and owre did stagger ;
Tam Samson's dead !

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither ;
Ilk sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father ;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whare *Burns* has wrote in rhyiming blether,
Tam Samson's dead !

There low he lies, in lasting rest ;
 Perhaps upon his mouldering breast
 Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest
 To hatch and breed ;
 Alas ! nae mair he'll them molest !
 Tam Samson's dead !

When August winds the heather wave,
 And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
 Three volleys let his mem'ry crave
 O' pouter and lead ;
 Till Echo answers frae her cave,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be !
 Is th' wish o' mony mae than me ;
 He had twa fauts, or may be three,
 Yet what remead ?
 Ae social honest man want we—
 Tam Samson's dead !

THE EPITAPH.

TAM SAMSON's weel-worn clay here lies,
 Ye canting zealots spare him !
 If honest worth in heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, and canter like a filly
 Through a' the streets and neuks o' *Killie*,*
 Tell every social, honest billie
 To cease his grievin ;
 For yet, unskaith'd by death's gleg gullie,
 Tam Samson's livin !

* Kilmarnock.

HALLOWEEN.*

The following Poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood ; but, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, Notes are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of Human Nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations ; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

Goldsmith.

UPON that night, when fairies light,
On *Cassilis Downans*† dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance :
Or for *Colean* the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams ;
There, up the *Cove*,‡ to stray and rove
Amang the rocks and streams,
To sport that night.

* Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands ; particularly those aerial people, the fairies, are said, on that night, to hold a grand anniversary.

† Certain little romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

‡ A noted cavern near Colean-house, called The Cove of Colean, which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

Amang the bonny winding banks,
 Where *Doon* rins wimplin clear,
 Where BRUCE* ance rul'd the martial ranks,
 And shook the *Carrick* spear,
 Some merry, friendly countra folks
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, and pou their stocks,
 And haud their *Halloween*,
 Fu' blithe that night.

The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine ;
 Their faces blithe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal, and warm, and kin :
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
 Well knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses' hearts gang startin,
 Whyles fast at night.

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their *stocks* † maun a' be sought ance ;
 They steek their een, and graip and wail
 For muckle anes, and straught anes.

* The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

† The first ceremony of Halloween is pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with ; its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher* or fortune ; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door ; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 And wander'd thro' the *bow-kail*,
 And pou't, for want o' better shift,
 A *runt* was like a sow-tail,
 Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar and cry a' throu'ther;
 The vera wee things, todlin, rin
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;
 And gif the *custoc's* sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care they've plac'd them
 To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
 To pou their *stalks o' corn*;^{*}
 But Rab slips out, and jinks about
 Behind the muckle thorn:
 He grippet Nelly hard and fast;
 Loud skirled a' the lasses;
 But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost,
 When kiutlin i' the fause-house†
 W' him that night.

The auld gudewife's weel-hordet *nits*,‡
 Are round and round divided,

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a maid.

† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is most exposed to the wind; this he calls a *fause-house*.

‡ Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the

And monie lads' and lasses' fates
 Are there that night decided :
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
 And burn thegither trimly ;
 Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
 And jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie ee ;
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell ;
 But this is *Jock*, and this is *me*,
 She says in to hersel :
 He bleez'd owre her, and she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part ;
 'Till fuff! he started up the lum,
 And Jean had e'en a sair heart,
 To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail runt*,
 Was *brunt* wi' primsie Mallie ;
 And Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compar'd to Willie ;
 Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
 And her ain fit it brunt it ;
 While Willie lap, and swoor by *jing*,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
 She pits herself and Rob in ;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they're sobbin :
 Nells heart was dancing at the view ;
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't :

fire ; and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bony mou,
 Fu' cozie in the neuk fort,
 Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
 She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
 And slips out by hersel:
 She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
 And to the kiln she goes then,
 And darklins graipit for the bauks,
 And in the *blue-clue** throws them,
 Right fear't that night.

And ay she win't, and ay she swat;
 I wat she made nae jaukin:
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guid L—d! but she was quakin!
 But whether 'twas the De'il himsel,
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She didna wait on talkin
 To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her Grannie says,
 "Will ye go wi' me, Grannie?"
I'll eat the apple† at the glass
 I gat frae uncle Johnnie:

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling, throw in the pot a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clew off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand, *Wha haurds?* i. e. who holds? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse.

† Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it; and some traditions say, you should comb

She fuff'd her pipe w' sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
 She notic'd na, an aizle brunt
 Her braw new worset apron
 Out thro' that night.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!
 How dare you try sic sportin,
 As seek the foul thief ony place,
 For him to spae your fortune:
 Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight*!
 Great cause ye hae to fear it;
 For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
 An' liv'd and died deleeret
 On sic a night.

"Ae hairst afore the Sherra-Moor,
 I mind't as weel's vestreen,
 I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
 I was na past fyfteen:
 The simmer had been cauld and wat,
 And stuff was unco green;
 And ay a rantin kirk we gat,
 And just on *Halloween*
 It fell that night.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
 A clever sturdy fallow;
 He's sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 That liv'd in Achmacalla;
 He gat *hemp-seed*,* I mind it weel,
 And he made unco light o't;

your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

* Steal out, unperceived, and sow an handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently

But monie a day was *by himsel*,
He was sae sairly frightened
That vera night."

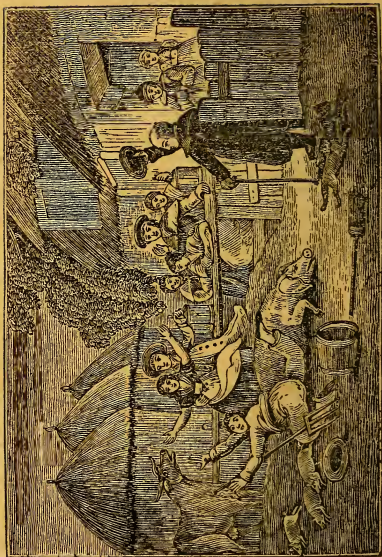
Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
And he swoor by his conscience,
That he could *saw hemp-seed* a peck,
For it was a' but nonsense :
The auld gudeman raught down the pock,
And out a handfu' gied him ;
Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Some time when nae ane see'd him,
And try't that night.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtin ;
The *graip* he for a *harrow* taks,
And hurls at his curpin :
And ev'ry now and then, he says,
" Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
And her that is to be my lass,
Come after me and draw thee,
As fast this night."

He whistled up Lord Lennox' march,
To keep his courage cheery ;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd and eerie :

draw after you. Repeat, now and then, "Hemp-seed, I saw thee, hemp-seed, I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "Come after me and shaw thee," that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me, and harrow thee."





Till presently he hears a squeak,
And then a grane an' gruntle:
He by his shouther gae a keek,
And tumbled wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
And young and auld cam rinnin out,
To hear the sad narration;
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or Crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till stop! she trotted thro' them a':
And wha was it but *grumphie*
Asteer that night.

Meg fain wad to the *barn* hae gane;
To win three wechts o' *naething*;^{*}
But for to meet the deil her lane,
She put but little faith in:
She gies the herd a pickle nits,
And twa red-cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the *barn* she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That very night.

* This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges if possible, for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a wecht, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue marking the employment or station in life.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters:
 A *ratton* rattled up the wa',
 And she cried, L—d preserve her!
 And ran thro' midden-hole and a',
 An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;
 They hecht him some fine braw ane!
 It chanc'd the *stack* he *faddom'd thrice**
 Was timmer propt for thrawin:
 He taks a swirlie auld moss-oak,
 For some black gronsome carlin;
 And loot a winze, and drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam-haurlin
 Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As cantie as a kittlin;
 But, och! that night, amang the shaws,
 She gat a fearfu' settlin!
 She thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 And owre the hill gaed scribevin,
 Whare *three lairds' lands met at a burn*,†
 To dip her left sark sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a bear-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

† You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring, or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry.

Whyles owre the linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
 Whyles round a rocky scar it stays,
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night.

Among the brachens, on the brae,
 Between her and the moon,
 The deil, or else an outler quey,
 Gat up and gae a croon:
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpit;
 But miss'd a fit, and in the *pool*
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The *luggies* three* are ranged,
 And every time great care is ta'en
 To see them duly changed!

Lie awake; and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty. Blindfold a person and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged: he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretels, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

Auld Uncle *John*, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin *Mar's year* did desire,
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
 He heav'd them on the fire,
 In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they didna weary ;
 And unco tales, and funny jokes,
 Their sports were cheap and cheery .
 Till *butter'd so'ns*,* wi' fragrant lunt,
 Sets a' their gabs a-steerin ;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin
 Fu' blythe that night.

—o—

THE AULD FARMER'S

NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD
 MARE MAGGIE,

On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn to hansel in the
 New-Year.

A *Gude New-Year* I wish thee, Maggie!
 Hae, there's a *ripp* to thy auld baggie ;
 Tho' thou's howe-backit now, and knaggie,
 I've seen the day,
 Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
 Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, and crazy,
 And thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,

* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always
 the Halloween supper.

I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
A bonny gray :
He should been tight that daur't to *raize* thee
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A *filly* buirdly, steeve, and swank,
And set weel down a shapely shank
As e'er tread yird ;
And could hae flown out-owre a stank
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-and-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid father's *meere*,
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
And fifty mark :
Though it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
And thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
Ye then was trottin wi' your minnie :
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, and funny,
Ye ne'er was donsie ;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, and cannie,
And unco sonsie.

That day ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonnie *bride* :
And sweet and gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air !
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
And wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels and win'.

And ran them till they a' did wauble
Far, far behin'.

When thou and I were young and skeigh,
And stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, and snore, and skreigh,
And tak the road,
Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
And ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, and I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow :
At *brooses* thou had ne'er a fallow,
For pith and speed ;
But every tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waurt thee for a brattle ;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
And gar't them whaizle ;
Nae whip nor spur, but just a whattle
O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble *fittie-lan'*
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn ;
Aft thee and I, in aught hours gaun,
On gude March weather,
Has turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, and fech't, and fliskit,
But thy au'd tail thou wad hae whiskit,
And spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith and power,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, and snaws were deep,
And threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap,
 Aboon the timmer ;
I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
 For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit ;
The steyst brae thou wad hae fac't it ;
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
 Then stood to blaw ;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snoov't awa.

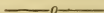
My *pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a' ;
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw ;
Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
 That thou hast nurst :
They drew me thretteen pund and twa,
 The very warst.

Mony a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
And wi' the weary warl' fought!
And mony an anxious day, I thought
 We wad be beat !
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld trusty servan',
That now, perhaps, thou's less deservin,
And thy auld days may end in starvin,
 For my last *fou*,
A heapit *stimpert*, I'll reserve ane
 Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither ;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither ;

Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether
 To some hain'd rig,
 Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue.



TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH,

November, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cowerin, tim'rous beastie!
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hastie,
 Wi' bickering brattle!
 I wad belaith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'rin *pattle!*

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion,
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' *fellow-mortal.*

I doubt na, whiles, but thou mayst thief;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A *daimen-icker* in a *thrave*
 'S a sma' request:
 I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
 And never miss't.

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin!
 It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
 An' naething now to big a new ane
 O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter coming fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel *coulter* past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibbble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
And cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' *mice* and *men*
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me*!
The *present* only toucheth thee;
But, och! I backward cast my ee,
On prospects drear!
And forward, though I canna *see*.
I *guess* an' *fear*.

A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these?—

Shakspeare.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,
 Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
 When *Phæbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r
 Far south the lift—
 Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
 Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
 Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
 Wild-eddying swirl,
 Or thro' the mining outlet bock'd,
 Down headlong hurl.

List'ning the doors and winnocks rattle,
 I thought me on the ourie cattle,
 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O' winter war,
 And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle
 Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing!
 That, in the merry months o' spring,
 Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee?
 Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
 And close thy ee?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
 Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
 The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cot spoil'd,
 My heart forgets,
 While pitiless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats.

Now *Phæbe*, in her midnight reign,
 Dark muff'd, view'd the dreary plain,
 Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
 Rose in my soul,
 When on my ear this plaintive strain,
 Slow, solemn, stole——

“ Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
 And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost !
 Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !
 Not all your rage, as now united, shows
 More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
 Than heav'n-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows.
 See stern Oppression's iron grip,
 Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 Woe, want, and murder, o'er a land !
 Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
 How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
 The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 Looks o'er proud Property extended wide,
 And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
 Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
 A creature of another kind,
 Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
 Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile below.
 Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
 With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
 The pow'rs you proudly own ?

Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
 Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 To bless himself alone?
 Mark maiden-innocence a prey
 To love-pretending snares;
 This boasted honour turns away,
 Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
 Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs!
 Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
 She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!
 Oh ye! who, sunk on beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
 Ill-satisfy'd keen Nature's clam'rous call,
 Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift' heap!
 Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
 'Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
 But shall thy regal rage pursue
 The wretch already crushed low
 By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard nae maer, for *Chanticleer*
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail'd the morning wi' a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing crow.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
 Through all His works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles God.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,*

A BROTHER POET.

January —.

WHILE winds frae aff *Ben-Lomond* blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I set me down to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In hamely westlin jingle.
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla-lug,
 I grudge a wee the great folk's gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug:
 I tent less, and want less,
 Their roomy fire-side;
 But hanker and canker
 To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's power
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd;
 How best o' chiefls are whyles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair't;
 But, *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Though we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier:
 "Mair spier na, nor fear na,"†
 Auld Age ne'er mind a feg;
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only for to beg.

* David Sillar, one of the club at Tarbolton, the author of
 a Volume of Poems in the Scottish dialect.

† Ramsay.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en
When banes are crazed, and blude is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could mak us blest;
Ev'n then sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.

The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has ay some cause to smile;
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

What tho' like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hall?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
Wi' honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year:
On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
Syne *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin muckle *mair*:
It's no in books, its no in lair,
To make us truly blest:
If Happiness hae not her seat,
And centre in the breast,

We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest :
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang ;
The *heart* ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive through wet and dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil ;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while ?
Alas ! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress !
Or else, neglected a' that's gude,
They riot in excess !
Baith careless, and fearless
Of either heav'n or hell ;
Esteeming and deeming
It's a' an idle tale !

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state ;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit o' age to youth ;
They let us ken oursel ;
They make us see the naked truth,
The *real* guid and ill.
Tho' losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae ither where.

But tent me, *Davie*, ace o' hearts,
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest),
This life has joys for you and I,
And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
And joys the very best.
There's a' the *pleasures o' the heart*,
The lover and the frien';
Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
And I my darling *Jean*!
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her *name* :
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame.

O, all ye Pow'rs, who rule above!
O, *Thou*, whose very self art *Love*!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, all-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r!
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow;
Long since this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill;

And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens,
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My *Davie* or my *Jean*.

O, how that *name* inspires my style!
 The words come skelpin rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken!
 The ready measure rins as fine
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen.
 My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het;
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
 And rin an unco fit;
 But lest then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now
 His sweaty wizen'd hide.

—o—

THE LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S
 AMOUR.

Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself!
 And sweet Affection prove the spring of wo.

Home.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
 Thou see'st a wretch that inly pines,
 And wanders here to wail and weep!

With wo I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam,
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How *life* and *love* are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-marked distant hill ;
I joyless view thy trembling horn
Reflected in the gurgling rill ;
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still !
Thou busy power, Remembrance, cease !
Ah ! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace !

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
My sad, love-lorn lamenting claim ;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame :
The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;
The oft-attested Powers above ;
The *promised Father's tender name* ;
These were the pledges of my love !

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptured moments flown !
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone !
And must I think it ! is she gone ?
My sacred heart's exulting boast !
And does she heedless hear my groan ?
And is she ever, ever lost ?

O ! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth !
Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth !
Her way may lie through rough distress !

Then who her pangs and pains will sooth,
Her sorrows share, and make them less ?

Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room !
Ev'n every ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a *wish* to gild the gloom !

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and wo :
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang and many a throe,
Keen Recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore harass'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief :
Or, if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright :
Even day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night.

O thou bright queen, who o'er the expanse,
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway :
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us, fondly, wand'ring, stray ;
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual kindling eye.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never to return;
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From every joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander through;
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.



DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scene appear!
What sorrows *yet* may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard;
Even when the wished *end's* denied,
Yet while the busy *means* are plied,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an *aim*,

Meet every sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain ;
I listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild, with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or, haply, to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream :
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heaven on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd,
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part ;
The lucky moment to improve,
And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
With self-respecting art ;
But, ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The *Solitary* can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest !
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate !

Oh! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To care, to guilt, unknown!
 How ill exchang'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own!
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish!
 The losses, the crosses,
 That *active man* engage!
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim-declining *age*!



WINTER.

A DIRGE.

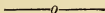
THE wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blaw;
 Or the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw:
 While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

'The sweping blast, the sky o'erblast,'*
 The joyless winter-day,
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May:
 The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join;

* Dr. Young.

The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine.

Thou *Power Supreme*, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
 Because they are *Thy* Will!
 Then all I want, (O, do thou grant
 This one request of mine!),
 Since to *enjoy* Thou must deny,
 Assist me to *resign*!



THE
 COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AITKEN, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short but simple annals of the poor.—*Gray*.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much-respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
 To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene:
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
 What *Aitken* in a cottage would have been;
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I
 ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry sugh ;
The shortening winter-day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
The blackening train o' craws to their repose :
The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the muir, his course does hameward
 bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee-bit ingle, blinkin bonnilie,
His clean hearthstane, his thrifty *wifie's* smile,
The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out amang the farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town :
Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparklin in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet ;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears ;
The parents, partial, ee their hopefu' years :
Anticipation forward points the view :



The *Mother*, wi' her needle and her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
 The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command
 The youngers a' are warn'd to obey;
 And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk and play;
 'And O! be sure to fear the LORD alway!
 And mind your *duty* duly morn and night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore his counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain that sought the LORD
 aright.'

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in *Jenny's* ee, and flush her cheek;
 With heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
 While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak,
 Weel-pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild worthless
 rake.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben:
 A strappan youth; he tak's the mother's eye;
 Blithe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill-taen;
 The father cracks o' horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and faithfu', scarce can weel behave;
 The mother wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What maks the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave:
 Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respectit like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
 O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!

I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,
 And sage *Experience* bids me this declare—
 'If Heav'n a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
 gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome *parritch*, chief o' *Scotia's* food;
 The soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it gude;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They round the ingle form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his father's pride:
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in *Zion* glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care,
 And 'Let us worship GOD!' he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name ;
 Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'n-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :
 Compar'd wi' these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they wi' our *Creator's* praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How *Abram* was the *friend of God* on high ;
 Or *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage,
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the *royal bard* did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt *Isaiah's* wild, seraphic fire :
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the *Christian volume* is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
 How his first followers and servants sped,
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
 And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd by
 Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
 The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband*, prays :
 Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing ;'
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days ;

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

There ever bask in uncreated rays
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's every grace, except the *heart* !
 The *Power*, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some *cottage* far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;
 And in his *book of life* the inmates poor enrol.

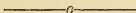
Then homeward all take off their several way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
 The parent pair their *secret homage* pay,
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
 That *He*, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide :
 But chiefly in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 ' An honest man's the noblest work of God ;'
 And *certainly*, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

O, *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil ;
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
 And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's cottagion, weak and vile!
 Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
 A *virtuous populace* may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd *Isle*.

O THOU! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
 That stream'd through *Wallace's* undaunted heart;
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never *Scotia's* realm desert;
 But still the *patriot*, and the *patriot bard*,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard.



MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of *Ayr*,
 I spy'd a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
 Began the reverend sage;
 Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasure's rage?

Or, haply, prest with care and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man !

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride ;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return ;
And every time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

O man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time !
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate follies take the sway :
Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force gives nature's laws,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh ! ill-match'd pair !
Shew man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest ;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest,
But, oh ! what crowds in every land,
Are wretched and forlorn !

Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame !
And man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife,
And helpless offspring, mourn.

If I'm yon haughty lordling's slave,
By nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn ?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn ?

Yet let not this too much my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast :
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the *last* !
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,

Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.

O, Death, the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest,
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn!
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!



A PRAYER

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear,
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *something* loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do thou, *All-Good!* for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
 No other plea I have,
 But—*Thou art good*; and goodness still
 Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
 Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between:
 Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms:
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
 Fain promise never more to disobey;
 But, should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
 Again in folly's path might go astray!
 Again exalt the brute, and sink the man;
 Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
 Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan?
 Whoso soft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran!

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
 With that controlling pow'r assist e'en me,
 Those headlong furious passions to confine;
 For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line:
 O, aid me with thy help, *Omnipotence Divine!*

VERSES

LEFT AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE, WHERE THE AUTHOR
SLEPT ONE NIGHT.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above,
I know thou wilt me hear ;
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare !
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears !

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush ;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish !

The beauteous seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every hand,
Guide thou their steps away !

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in heaven !

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns the guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride,
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow ;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath given them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.



A PRAYER,

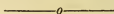
UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O THOU Great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know :
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here below thee stands,
All wretched and distressed;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!



THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH
PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place.

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself
Arose at thy command.

That pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

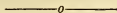
Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,

Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word : Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought :
Again thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,
' Return ye into nought !'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep ;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd ;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.



TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH,
IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem !

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie *Lark*, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 [Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise:
 But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade,
 By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of *prudent Lore*,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering worth* is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,

By human pride or cunning driven,
 To misery's brink,
 Till, wrench'd of every stay but *Heaven*,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's *ploughshare* drives elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom.

—————o—————

TO RUIN.

ALL hail! inexorable lord
 At whose destruction-breathing word
 The mightiest empires fall,
 Thy cruel, wo-delighted train,
 The ministers of grief and pain,
 A sullen welcome, all!
 With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart;
 For one has cut my *dearest tie*,
 And quivers in my heart,
 Then low'ring, and pouring,
 The *storm* no more I dread;
 Tho' thickening, and blackening
 Round my devoted head.

And thou, grim power, by life abhorr'd,
 While life a *pleasure* can afford,
 Oh! hear a wretch's prayer!
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care!

When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign life's *joyless* day;
 My weary heart in throbbings cease,
 Cold mouldering in the clay?
 No fear more, no tear more,
 To stain my lifeless face;
 Enclasped, and grasped
 Within thy cold embrace!

—o—

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS, AS A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT,
 JANUARY 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
 Their annual round have driven,
 And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
 Are so much nearer Heaven.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
 The infant year to hail;
 I send you more than India boasts,
 In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
 Is charged, perhaps, too true!
 But may, dear maid, each lover prove
 An *Edwin* still to you!

—o—

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

May ——— 1786.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A something to have sent you,

Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind *memento* ;
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Per haps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye :
For care and trouble set your thought,
Even when your end's attained ;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where every nerve is strained.

I'll no say men are villains a' :
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law
Are to a few restricted :
But, och ! mankind are unco weak,
And little to be trusted ;
If *self* the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted !

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate weshould na censure,
For still th' *important end* o' life
They equally may answer :
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him,
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

Aye free, aff' han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom-crony ;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.

Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection ;
But keek thro' every other man
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it ;
But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
Tho' naething should divulge it,
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing :
But och ! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling.

To catch dame fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by every wile,
That's justify'd by honour ;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent*.

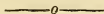
The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order ;
But where you feel your *honour* grip,
Let that aye be your border :
In slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences ;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great *Creator* to revere,
Must sure become the *creature* ;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profance to range,
Be complaisance extended ;

An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended !

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded ;
Or if she gie a *random sting*,
It may be little minded ;
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n
Is sure a noble *anchor* !

Adieu, dear, amiable youth !
Your heart can ne'er be wanting :
May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
Erect your brow undaunting !
In ploughman-phrase, " God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser ;
And may ye better reck the *rede*,
Than ever did th' adviser.



ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me !
Our *billie's* gi'en us a' a jink,
And owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore ;
Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*,
In social key ;

For now he's ta'en anither shore,
And owre the sea.

The bonny lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him;
The widows, wives, and a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' ee;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea!

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble;
Hadst thou ta'en aff some drousy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke and fumble,
'Twad been nae plea;
But he was gleg as ony wumble,
That's owre the sea!

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
And stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee;
He was her *laureate* mony a year,
That's owre the sea!

He saw Misfortune's cauld *nor'-west*
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the mast,
And owre the sea!

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud independent stomach,
Could ill agree,
So row't his hurdies in a *hammock*,
And owre the sea.

He ne'er was gi'en to great misguiding,
 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
 Wi' him it ne'er was *under hiding*;
 He dealt it free:
 The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 And hap him in a cozie biel;
 Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
 And fu' o' glee!
 He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
 That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing billie*!
 Your native soil was right ill-willie;
 But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonnillie!
 I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
 Tho' owre the sea.



TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
 Great chieftain o' the puddin-race!
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
 Painch, tripe, or thairm;
 Weel are ye wordy of a *grace*
 As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,
 Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
 In time o' need,
 While thro' your pores the dews distil
 Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
And cut you up wi' ready sleight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich.

Then horn for horn they stretch and strive
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes, belyve,
Are bent like drums;
Then auld gudeman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view,
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the rustic, *haggis-fed*,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his wallee nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle;
And legs, and arms, and heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye powers, wha mak mankind your care
And dish them out their bill o' fare,

Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
 That jaups in luggies ;
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
 Gie her a *Haggis* !



A DEDICATION

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na, sir, in this narration,
 A fleechin, fleth'rin dedication,
 To roose you up, and ca' you guid,
 And sprung o' great and noble bluid,
 Because ye're sirnamed like *his Grace*,
 Perhaps related to the race ;
 Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are *ye*,
 Wi' mony a fulsome sinfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, sir, wi' them wha
 May please the great folk for a wamefou ;
 For me ! sae laigh I needna bow,
 For, Lord be thankit ! *I can pleugh* !
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit ! *I can beg* !
 Sae I shall say, and that's nae flatterin,
 Its just *sic poet*, and *sic patron*.

The Poet, some guid angel help him !
 Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him ;
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
 But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron (sir, ye maun forgie me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me),
 On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want;
 What's no his ain he winna tak it,
 What ance he says he winna break it;
 Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
 Till aft his guidness is abused;
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang:
 As master, landlord, husband, father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
 Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that;
 It's naething but a milder feature
 Of our poor sinfu' corrupt nature:
 Ye'll get the best of moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
 Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
 Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The *gentleman* in word and deed,
 It's no thro' terror of d-mn-ti-n;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain;
 Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
 In *moral* mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
 Abuse a brother to his back;
 Steal thro' a *winnock* frae a wh-re,
 But point the rake that taks the *door*;
 Be to the poor like ony whunstane,
 And haud their noses to the grunstane;
 Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving;
 No matter, stick to *sound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs and half-mile graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, and lang wry faces;

Grunt up a solemn lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own ;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' *Calvin*,
For *gumlie dubs* o' your ain delvin !
Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath ;
When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him :
While o'er the *harp* pale Mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !

Your pardon, sir, for this digression,
I maist forgat my *dedication* ;
But when divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, sir, ye see, 'twas nae daft vapour ;
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, sir, to *You* :
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever——
I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
But that's a word I need na say :
For praying I hae little skill o't ;
I'm baith dead-sweer, and wretched ill o't ;
But I'se repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
That kens or hears about you, sir——

" May ne'er Misfortune's gowlin bark
 Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk*!
 May ne'er his gen'rous honest heart,
 For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
 May Kennedy's far-honour'd name
 Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
 Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
 Five bonny lasses round their table,
 And seven braw fellows, stout and able
 To serve their king and country weel,
 By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
 May health and peace, wi' mutual rays,
 Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;
 Till his wee curlie *John's* ier-oe,
 When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!"

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 Wi' complimentary effusion;
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours
 Are blest wi' fortune's smiles and favours,
 I am, dear sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent!)
 That iron-hearted carl, *Want*,
 Attended in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your *humble servant* then no more;
 For who would humbly serve the poor!
 But, by a poor man's hopes in Heaven!
 While recollection's power is given,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of fortune's strife.

I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
 Should recognise my *master dear*,
 If friendless, low, we meet thegither,
 Then, sir, your hand—my *friend* and *brother*!



TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crawlin ferlie!
 Your impudence protects you sairly;
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely.
 Owre gauze and lace;
 Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
 Detested, shunn'd by saunt and sinner,
 How dare you let your fit upon her,
 Sae fine a lady!
 Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
 On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle!
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
 Wi' ither kindred jumpin cattle,
 In shoals and nations;
 Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er dare unsettle
 Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
 Below the fatt'rils, snug and tight;
 Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
 Till ye've got on it,
 The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
 O' *Miss's bonnet*!

From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labours plies;
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise;
Here justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, EDINA, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow rural vale;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair *Burnet* strikes th' adoring eye,
Heavn's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the *sire of love on high*,
And own his work indeed divine.

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar:
The pond'rous wall and massy bar.
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,

Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
Fain'd heroes, had their royal home :
Alas ! how chang'd the times to come !
Their royal name low in the dust !
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam
Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just !

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore :
Even *I*, who sing in rustic lore,
Haply *my sires* have left their shed,
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where *your* fathers led !

EDINA ! *Scotia's* darling seat !
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

WHILE briers and woodbines budding green,
And paitricks sraiching loud at e'en,
And mornin poussie whiddin seen,
Inspire my muse,
This freedom in an *unknown* frien'
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-een we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack, and weave our stockin;
And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At *sang about*.

There was ae *sang* amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought described sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, "Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark!"
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin fain to hear't,
And sae about him there I spier't,

Then a' that kent him round declar't
He had *ingine*,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine.

That, set him to a pint o' ale,
And either dounce or merry tale,
Or rhymes and sangs he'd made himsel,
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, and swore an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my plough and graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint and gill I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.

But, first and foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
Tho' rude and rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel enough.

I am nae *poet*, in a sense,
But just a *rhymèr*, like, by chance,
And hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
You, wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
'To mak a *sang*?'

But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns and stools,
If honest nature made you *fools*,
What sairs your grammars?
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers.

A set a dull conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes !
They *gang in* stirks, and *come out* asses,
Plain truth to speak ;
And syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek.

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire ;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub and mire
At pleugh or cart,
My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' *Allan's* glee,
Or *Fergusson's*, the bauld and slee,
Or bright *Lapraik's*, my friend to be,
If I can hit it ;
That would be *lear* eneugh for me,
If I could get it.

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I believe, are few,
Yet if your catalogue be fou,
I'se no insist,
But gif you want a friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel ;
 As ill I like my fauts to tell ;
 But friends, and folk that wish me well,
 They sometimes roose me !
 Tho I maun own, as monie still
 As far abuse me.

There's ae wee *faut* they whyles lay to me,
 I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !
 For mony a plack they wheedle frae me,
 At dance or fair ;
 May be some *ither thing* they gie me
 They weel can spare.

But *Mauchline* race, or *Mauchline* fair,
 I should be proud to meet you there ;
 We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
 If we forgather,
 And hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware*
 Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
 And kirsen him wi' reekin water ;
 Syne we'll sit down and tak our whitter,
 To cheer our heart ;
 And faith we'se be acquainted better
 Before we part.

Awa, ye selfish warly race,
 Wha think that havins, sense, and grace,
 Ev'n love and friendship, should give place
 To *catch-the-plack* !
 I dinna like to see your face,
 Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
 Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,

Who hold your *being* on the terms,
 ' Each aid the others,'
 Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers !

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
 As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;
 Twa lines frae you wad gar me fistle,
 Who am, most fervent,
 While I can either sing, or whistle,
 Your friend and servant.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
 And pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
 This hour on e'ening's edge I take,
 To own I'm debtor
 To honest-hearted, auld *Lapraik*,
 For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, wi' weary legs,
 Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
 Or dealing through amang the naigs
 Their ten-hours bite,
 My awkward Muse sair pleads and begs,
 I wadna write.

The tapetless ramfeeze'd hizzy,
 She's saft at best, and something lazy,
 Quo' she, ' Ye ken, we've been sae bizzie
 This month and mair,
 That, trowth, my head is grown right dizzie,
 And something sair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad :
 ' Conscience,' says I, ' ye thowless jade !
 I'll write, and that a hearty bland,
 This vera night ;
 Sae dinna ye affront your trade,
 But rhyme it right.

' Shall bauld *Lapraik*, the king o' hearts,
 Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
 Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
 In terms sae friendly,
 Yet ye'll neglect to show your parts,
 And thank him kindly !'

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
 And down gaed *stumpie* i' the ink :
 Quoth I, ' Before I sleep a wink,
 I vow I'll close it ;
 And if ye winna mak it clink,
 By Jove I'll prose it !'

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
 Let time mak proof ;
 But I shall scribble down some blether,
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge and carp,
 Tho' fortune use you hard and sharp ;
 Come, kittle up your *muirland harp*
 Wi' gleesome touch !
 Ne'er mind how fortune *waft* and *warp* ;
 She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me mony a jirt and fleg,
 Sin' I could striddle owre a rig ;

But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
 Wi' lyart pow,
 I'll laugh, and sing, and shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax and twentieth simmer
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the limmer
 Frae year to year;
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
 I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city *gent*,
 Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
 And muckle wame,
 In some bit brugh to represent
 A bailie's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
 Wi' ruffled sark and glancin cane,
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are ta'en,
 As by he walks.

' O *Thou* wha gies us each gude gift,
 Gie me o' wit and sense a lift,
 Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
 Thro' Scotland wide;
 Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
 In a' their pride.'

Were this the *charter* of our state,
 ' On pain o' hell be rich and great,'
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead;

But, thanks to Heav'n! that's no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
'The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils *great Nature's plan*,
And none but *he*."

O mandate glorious and divine !
The ragged followers o' the nine,
Poor thoughtless deevils, yet may shine
 In glorious light,
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
 Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, and squeeze, and growl,
 Their worthless nievfu' of a soul
 May in some future carcass howl,
 The forest's fright,
 Or in some day-detesting owl
 May shun the light

Then may *Lapraik* and *Burns* arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, and joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties,
Each passing year.

TO WILLIAM SIMPSON,

OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome *Willie* :
 Wi' gratefu' heart, I thank you brawlie;
 Though I maun say't, I wad be silly,
 And unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
 Your flatterin strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
 Ironie satire, sidelins sklentend
 On my poor musie;
 Though in sic phrasin terms ye've penn'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad bé in a creel,
 Should I but daur a *hope* to speel,
 Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
 The braes o' fame;
 Or *Fergusson*, the writer chiel,
 A deathless name.

(O *Fergusson* ! thy glorious parts
 Ill suited law's dry, musty arts;
 My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
 Ye Enbrugh gentry !
 The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
 Wad stow'd his pantry !)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
 Or lassie gie my heart a screed,

As whyles they're like to be my dead,
 (O sad disease!)
 I kittle up my *rustic reed*,
 It gies me ease.

Auld *Coila* now may fidge fu' fain,
 She's gotten poets o' her ain,
 Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
 But tune their lays,
 Till echoes a' resound again
 Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
 To set her name in measur'd style;
 She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
 Beside *New Holland*,
 Or whar wild-meeting oceans boil
 Besouth *Magellan*.

Ramsay and famous *Fergusson*
 Gied *Forth* and *Tay* a lift aboon;
Yarrow and *Tweed*, to monie à tune,
 Owre Scotland rings,
 While *Irwin*, *Lugur*, *Ayr*, and *Doon*,
 Naebody sings.

Th' *Illissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, and *Seine*,
 Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line;
 But, *Willie*, set your fit to mine,
 And cock your crest,
 We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
 Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Coila's* plains and fells,
 Her muirs red-brown wi' heather-bells,
 Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
 Whare glorious *Wallace*

Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At *Wallace*' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood !
Oft hae our fearless fathers strode
By *Wallace*' side,
Still pressing onward red-wat shod,
Or glorious died.

O sweet are *Coila*'s haughs and woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
Wi' wailfu' cry.

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave through the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
Are hoary gray ;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day !

O *Nature* ! a' thy shews and forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !
Whether the summer kindly warms
Wi' life and light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang dark night !

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trottin burn's meander,
And no think lang ;
O sweet, to stray and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang !

The war'ly race may drudge and drive,
 Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, and strive,
 Let me fair *Nature's* face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
 Shall let the bizzzy, grumbling live
 Bum o'er their treasure.

Fareweel, "my rhymie-composing brither,"
 We've been owre lang unken'd to ither:
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal:
 May *Enry* wallop in a tether,
 Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tolls and taxes;
 While Muirlan' herds like gude fat braxies;
 While Terra Firma, on her axis
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend, in faith and practice,
 In *Robert Burns*.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;
 I had amaist forgotten clean,
 Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this *new-light*,*
 'Bout which our *herds* sae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
 A *grammur*, *logic*, and sic talents,

* See Note page 44.

They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the *moon*
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon
Gaed past their viewin,
And shortly after she was done,
They gat a new ane.

This past for certain, undisputed ;
It ne'er cam in their heads to doubt it,
Till chieles gat up and wad confute it,
And ca'd it wrang ;
And muckle din there was about it,
Both loud and lang.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk ;
For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
And out o' sight,
And backlins-comin, to the leuk
She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd ;
The *herds* and *hissels* were alarm'd ;
The rev'rend graybeards rav'd and storm'd,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ;
Frae words and aiths to clours and nicks,
And mony a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt ;

And some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd and brunt.

This game was play'd in mony lands,
And *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
Till lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light* herds gat sic a cove,
Folk thought them rain'd stick and stowe,
Till now amaisht on every knowe,
Ye'll find ane plac'd;
And some, their *new-light* fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light* flocks are bleatin:
Their zealous herds are vex'd and sweatin;
Mysel, I've even seen them greetin
Wi' girnin spite,
To hear the *moon* sae sadly lied on
By word and write.

But shortly they will cove the loons,
Some *auld-light* herds in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' *ballons*,
To tak a flight,
And stay ae month amang the *moons*,
And see them right.

Gude observation they will gie them;
And when the *auld moon*'s gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
And when the *new-light* billies see them,
I think they'll crouch.

Sae, ye observe, that a' this clatter
 Is naething but a "moonshine matter ;"
 But though dull prose-folk Latin splatter
 In logic tulzie,
 I hope we bardies ken some better
 Than mind sic brullzie.



EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKIN,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankin,
 The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin !
 There's mony godly folks are thinkin
 Your *dreams** and tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
 Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae mony cracks and cants,
 And in your wicked, drucken rants,
 Ye mak a deevil o' the saunts,
 And fill them fu' ;
 And then their failings, flaws, and wants,
 Are a' seen through.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it !
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it !
 Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in *black* !
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

* A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're scaithing,
 It's just the *blue-gown* badge and claitthing
 O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate heathen,
 Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
 A' that I bargain'd for and mair;
 Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect
 Yon *sang*;* ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
 And no neglect.

Though faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
 My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing!
 I've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
 And danced my fill;
 I'd better gane and sair't the king,
 At *Bunker's Hill*.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
 I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
 And brought a *patrick* to the grun,
 A bonnie hen,
 And, as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt;
 I straikit it a wee for sport,
 Ne'er thinkin they would fash me for't;
 But deil-ma-care!
 Somebody tells the *poacher-court*
 The hale affair.

* A song he had promised the Author.

Some auld us'd hands had ta'en a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
 I scorn'd to lie;
So gat the whistle o' my groat,
 And pay't the *fee*.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
And by my pouter and my hail,
And by my hen, and by her tail,
 I vow and swear,
The *game* shall pay, o'er muir and dale,
 For this, neist year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
And the wee pouts begin to cry,
L—d, I'se hae sportin by and by,
 For my gowd guinea,
Though I should herd the *buckskin* kye
 For't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame,
 Scarce through the feathers;
And baith a yellow George to claim,
 And thole their blethers!

It pits me aye as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair!
But *pennyworths* again are fair,
 When time's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected sir,
 Your most obedient,

WRITTEN IN
FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,
ON NITHSIDE.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
'Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

As youth and love, with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

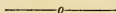
As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits would'st thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet-song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose:

As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease,
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought,
And teach the sportive youngers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound,
Say, man's true, genuine, estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n,
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
Till light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.



ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. — OF —,
DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation mark!

Who in widow-weeds, appears,
 Laden with unhonour'd years,
 Noosing with care a bursting purse,
 Baited with many a deadly curse?

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
 Can thy keen inspection trace
 Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?
 Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
 Pity's flood there never rose.
 See those hands ne'er stretch'd to save,
 Hands that took—but never gave.
 Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
 Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest
 She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
 (A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends,)
 Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?
 No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies:
 'Tis thy trusty *quondam mate*,
 Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
 She, tardy, hellward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
 Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a-year?
 In other worlds can Mammon fail,
 Omnipotent as he is here?
 O, bitter mock'ry of the *pompous bier*,
 While down the wretched *vital part* is driven!
 The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
 Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven.

ELEGY ON CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS
IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD!

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, heav'nly light.

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle deevil wi' a woodie
Haur! thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join ye, Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz'lly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' todlin din,

Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae linn to linn.

Mourn little harebells o'er the lee;
Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first of flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At e'en, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' the rustling gale,
Ye mankins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling through a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring pattrick brood;
He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye howlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of wo;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead!

Thou, autum, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air,
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O *Henderson*! the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever!

And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound !
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around !

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth !
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger ! my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man ;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man,
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart,
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man,
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

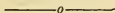
If thou at friendship's sacred ca',
Wad life itself resign man ;

Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kin' man !

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man ;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man ;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whinging sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man,
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.



LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea :
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies ;
But naught can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing ;
Tho merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring ;

The mavis wild, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest ;
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae ;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae :
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweet amang ;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France.
Where happy I hae been ;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en :
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there ;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae :
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee !
Nor the balm that draps on wounds of wo
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine ;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine ;
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee :

And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O! soon to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn;
And in the narrow house o'death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave.



TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.

OF FINTRA.

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a *pass* for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teased, dejected and deprest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest;)
Will generous *Graham* list to his poet's wail?
(It soothes poor misery, hearkening to her tale,)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade.

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground:
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
Thy minions, kings defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—
Foxes and statesmen, subtle wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug.

Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But oh ! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard !
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
No heels to bear him from the opening dun ;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun ;
No horns, but those by luckless Ilymen worn,
And those, alas ! not Amalthea's horn :
No nerves olfactr'y, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich dulness, comfortable fur.
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side :
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd, I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame :
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes—
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung ;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er onesprig must wear :
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in th' unequal strife,
The hapless poet flounders on thro' life,
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceas'd,
For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast ;

By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O dulness ! portion of the truly blest !
Calm-shelter'd haven of eternal rest !
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up :
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder " some folks " do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude, that " fools are fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain ;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear !
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd at noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears :)
Oh ! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r !
Fintra, my other stay, long bless and spare !
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down !
May *bliss domestic* smooth his private path,
Give energy to life, and sooth his latest breath
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death !

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF
GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream :
Beneath a craigy steep a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down wi' years ;
His locks were bleached white wi' time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang
The winds, lamenting thro' the eaves,
To echo bore the notes along.

" Ye scatter'd birds, that faintly sing
The reliques of the vernal quire !
Ye woods, that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year !
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and ee ;
But nought in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

" I am a bending, aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain ;
But now has come a eruel blast,
And my last hold of earth is gane :
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;

But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

“ I’ve seen sae mony changefu’ years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev’d,
I bear alane my lade o’ care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a’ that would my sorrows share.

“ And last, (the sum of a’ my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The flower amang our barons bold,
His country’s pride, his country’s stay;
In weary being now I pine,
Far a’ the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

“ Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of wo and wild depair!
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from fortune’s mirkest gloom.

“ In poverty’s low barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involv’d me round;
Though oft I turn’d the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found’st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song,
Became alike thy fostering care.

"O! why has worth so short a date,
 While villains ripen gray with time?
 Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
 Why did I live to see that day?
 A day to me so full of wo!
 O! had I met the mortal shaft
 Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sæ sweetly on her knee;
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me!"



LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD OF WHITEFOORD, BART.

WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
 Who, save thy *mind's reproach*, nought earthly
 fear'st;
 To thee this votive offering I impart,
 The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
 The *friend* thou valued'st, I the *patron* lov'd;
 His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
 We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
 And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.





TAM O' SHANTER,

A TALE.

Of Brownie and of Bogie full is this Buke.—*Gavin Douglas.*

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearin late,
And folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousin at the nappy,
And getting fou and unco happy,
We think nae on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gatherin her brows like gatherin storm,
Nursin her wrath to keep it warm,

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

Oh, *Tam!* hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife *Kate's* advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roarin fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.

She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By *Alloway's* auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advises,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely,
And at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And aye the ale was growin better;
The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;

Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide ;
The hour approaches *Tam* maun ride !
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd :
That night a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Meg*,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
Whiles hauding fast his gude blue bonnet ;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares ;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane ;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunter's fand the murder'd bairn ;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare *Mungo's* mither hang'd hersel.—

Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars through the woods ;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing,—

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn* !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !—
 The swats sae ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd nae deils a bodle.
 But *Maggie* stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light ;
 And, wow ! *Tam* saw an unco sight !
 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillon brent new frae *France*,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld *Nick* in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge :
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
 And by some devilish cantrip sleight,
 Each in his cauld hand held a light.—
 By which heroic *Tam* was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet-airns ;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;

A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gap did gape ;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted ;
A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
The piper loud and louder blew ;
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linkit at it in her sark !

Now *Tam*, *O Tam* ! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strappin' in their teens ;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white se'enteen hunder linen !
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But *Tam* kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on *Carrick* shore !

For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith muckle corn and bear,
 And kept the country side in fear ;
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie—
 Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee *Nannie*,
 Wi' twa pund Scots, (twas a' her riches,)
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches !

But here my muse her wing maun cour ;
 Sic flights are far beyond her power ;
 To sing how *Nannie* lap and flang,
 (A simple jade she was and strang,)
 And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd ;
 Even Satan glow'rd and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main :
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-sark !"
 And in an instant a' was dark :
 And scarcely had he *Maggie* rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

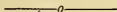
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke ;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When " Catch the thief !" resounds aloud ;
 So *Maggie* runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam* ! ah, *Tam* ! thou'lt get thy fairin !
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !



In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin !
Kate soon will be a waefu' woman !
 Now, do thy speedy utmost *Meg*,
 And win the key stane* of the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross,
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake !
 For *Nannie*, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble *Maggie* prest,
 And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she *Maggie's* mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail:
 The carlin claught her by the rump,
 And left poor *Maggie* scarce a stump,

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed :
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember *Tam o' Shanter's* mare.



ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,
 WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye !
 May never pity sooth thee with a sigh,
 Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

* It is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any further than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains :
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft, as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.



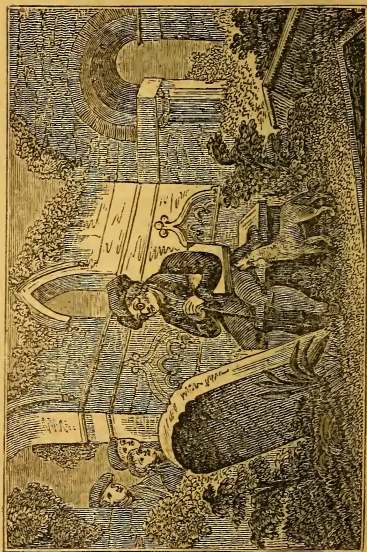
ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,
ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGH-
SHIRE, WITH BAYS.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :

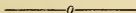
While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :





While maniac Winter rages o'er
 The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
 Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
 Or, sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:

So long, sweet Poet of the year,
 Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
 While Scotia, with exulting tear,
 Proclaims that Thomson was her son.



ON THE LATE

CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS
THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
 Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's;
 If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede you tent it:
 A chield's amang you, taking notes,
 And faith, he'll prent it!

If in your bounds ye chance to light
 Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
 O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That's he, mark weel—
 And wow! he has an unco sleight
 O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,*
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin,

* *Vide* his Antiquities of Scotland.

It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
 Some eldritch part,
 Wi' deils, they say, L—d save's! colleaguin
 At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or cham'er,
 Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
 And you deep-read in hell's black grammar,
 Warlocks and witches;
 Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
 Ye midnight b——es.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled!
 But now he's quat the spurtle blade,
 And dog-skin wallet,
 And ta'en the—*Antiquarian trade*,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nic-nackets;
 Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets†
 Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
 A towmont gude;
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
 Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
 Auld Tubal-Cain's fire-shool and fender;
 That which distinguished the gender
 O' Balaam's ass;
 A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

† *Vide* his Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg
 The cut of Adam's phillibeg;
 The knife that nicket Abel's craig
 He'll prove you fully,
 It was a faulding jocteleg,
 Or lang-kail gullie.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
 For meikle glee and fun has he,
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Gude fellows wi' him,
 And *port*, *O port*! shine thou a wee,
 And then ye'll see him!

Now by the pow'rs o' verse and prose!
 Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!—
 Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair misca' thee;
 I'd tak the rascal by the nose,
 Wad say, Shame fa' thee.



TO MISS CRUICKSHANKS,

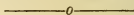
A VERY YOUNG LADY,

*Written on the Blank Leaf of a Book, presented
 to her by the Author.*

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
 Blooming on thy early May,
 Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
 Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
 Never Boreas' hoary path,
 Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
 Never baleful stellar lights,
 Taint thee with untimely blights!

Never, never reptile thief
 Riot on thy virgin leaf!
 Nor even Sol too fiercely view
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

May's thou long, sweet crimson gem,
 Richly deck thy native stem;
 Till some evening, sober, calm,
 Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
 While all around the woodland rings,
 And every bird thy requiem sings;
 Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
 Shed thy dying honours round,
 And resign to parent earth,
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.



ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,
 THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, Esq.

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR
 FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
 And rueful thy alarms:
 Death tears the brother of her love
 From Isabella's arms.

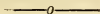
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew,
 The morning rose may blow:
 But cold successive noontide blasts
 May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
 The sun propitious smiled;
 But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
 Succeeding hopes beguiled.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung :
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave :
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast ;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.



THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER.*

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

My Lord, I know, your noble ear
Wo ne'er assails in vain !
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams
In flying summer pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glow'rin trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray ;

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful ; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet Burns came by,
That to a bard I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry :
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Ev'n as I was he shor'd me ;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin ;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn :
Enjoying large each spring and well
As nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Wad then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes ;
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire ;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir :
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow ;

The robin, pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow:

This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form:
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown o' flow'rs:
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care;
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heaven to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain grey;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed!
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
 Your little angel band,
 Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
 Their honour'd native land!
 So may, thro' Albion's farthest ken,
 To social flowing glasses,
 The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
 And Athole's bonnie lasses!"



ON

SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL

IN LOCH-TURIT, A WILD SCENE AMONG THE
 HILLS OF OUGHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
 Forme your wat'ry haunt forsake?
 Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
 At my presence thus you fly?
 Why disturb your social joys,
 Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
 Common friend to you and me,
 Nature's gifts to all are free:
 Peaceful keep your dimpling wave
 Busy feed, or wanton lave;
 Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
 Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
 Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
 Man, your proud usurping foe,
 Would be lord of all below;
 Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
 Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
 Marking you his prey below.

In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels,
But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.



WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR
OF THE INN AT KENMURE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till famed Breadalbane, opens to my view,—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;

Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
 The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride,
 The palace rising on its verdant side;
 The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
 The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
 The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
 The village glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * * *

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
 Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
 Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

* * * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
 And look through Nature with creative fire;
 Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconcil'd,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to sooth her bitter rankling wounds:
 Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch
 her scan,
 And injured Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *



WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCK-NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods,
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where thro' a shapeless breach his stream resounds,
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep-recoiling surges foam below,
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
 And viewless Echo's ear astonish'd rends.

Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
 The hoary cavern, wide surrounding lowers,
 Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still below the horrid cauldron boils—

* * * * *

—o—

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,
 BORN UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES
 OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

SWEET floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
 And ward o' mony a pray'r,
 What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
 Sae, helpless, sweet, and fair.

November hirples o'er the lea,
 Chill, on thy lovely form;
 And gane, alas! the sheltering tree,
 Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gies the rain to pour,
 And wings the blast to blaw,
 Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
 The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the friend of wo and want.
 Who heals life's various stounds,
 Protect and guard the mother plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
 Fair on the summer morn;
 Now feebly bends she in the blast,
 Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
 Unscath'd by ruffian hand!
 And from thee many a parent stem
 Arise to deck our land.



SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

AULD NEEBOUR,

I'M three times doubly o'er your debtor,
 For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter;
 Tho' I maun say't, I doubt you flatter,
 Ye speak sae fair;
 For my puir, silly rymin' clatter
 Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle,
 Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
 To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
 O' war'ly cares,
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
 Your auld grey hairs.

But, DAVIE, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit;
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit:
 And gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
 Until ye fyke;
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
 Be haint wha like.

* This is prefixed to the poems of David Sillar, published at Kilmarnock, 1789.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin the words tae gar them clink ;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
 Wi' jads or masons ;
And whyles, but aye owre late, I think,
 Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commend me to the Bardie clan ;
Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin' clink,
The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
 They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin' ;
But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
 And while ought's there,
Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrievin',
 And fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme ! it's aye a treasure,
My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
 The Muse, poor hizzie !
Tho' rough and raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy.

Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie :
The warl' may play you monie a shavie ;
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Tho' e'er sae puir,
Na, even tho' limpin wi' the spavie
 Frae door to door.

LINES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I sprekle'd up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drucken *writers'* feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
Wi' rev'rence be it spoken ;
I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
Where mighty Squireships of the quorum,
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin,
A Lord—a Peer—an earl's son,
Up higher yet my bonnet ;
And sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.

But oh ! For Hogarth's magic pow'r !
To show Sir Bardy's willyart glow'r,
And how he star'd and stammer'd,
When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
An' stumpin' on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlour hammer'd.

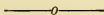
* * * * *

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
An' at his lordship steal't a look
Like some portentous omen ;

Except good-sense and social glee,
An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,
I marked nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming ;
The feint a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his lordship I shall learn,
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as weel's another ;
Nae *honest worthy* man need care,
To meet with noble youthful Daer,
For he but meets a brother.



ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG NAMED ECHO.

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throng
Your heavy loss deplore ;
Now half-extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys ;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

INSCRIPTION TO THE MEMORY OF FERGUSSON.

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.

Born, September 5, 1755—Died, October 16, 1774.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
 "No storied urn nor animated bust,"
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
 To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.



EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ.

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece design'd,
 And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,
 Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
 She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth ;
 Plain plodding industry, and sober worth :
 Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
 And merchandise' whole genus take their birth :
 Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
 And all mechanics' many apron'd kinds.
 Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
 The lead and buoy are needful to the net :
 The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
 Makes a material for mere knights and squires ;
 The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
 She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
 Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
 Law, physic, politics, and deep divines :
 Last, she sublimes the Aurora of the poles,
 The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well-pleas'd, pronounc'd it very good ;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she try'd one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter ;
Such as the lightest breath of air might scatter ;
With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet.
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends :
A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live :
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a *standard tree* to find ;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the *generous truly great*,
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
Weak, tinid landmen on Life's stormy main !
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough ;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
Ah, that “ the friendly e'er should want a friend ! ”

Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!)
Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I should*—
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good?
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race;
Come *thou* who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command:
But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
Heavens! should the branded character be mine!
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
Pity the best of words should be but wind!
So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front;
Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days!
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough again;
The piebald jacket let me patch once more;
On eighteen-pence a week I've liv'd before.
Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift:

That plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height, }
 Where, Man and Nature fairer in her sight, }
 My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.* }



FRAGMENT,

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. J. C. FOX.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite ;
 How virtue and vice blend their black and their white ;
 How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
 Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
 I sing : if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
 I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory
 At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits ;
 Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky
 hits ;
 With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong ;
 With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right ;
 A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,
 For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L—d, what is man ! for as simple he looks,
 Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks ;

* This is our Poet's first epistle to Graham of Fintra. It is not equal to the second ; but it contains too much of the characteristic vigour of its author to be suppressed. A little more knowledge of natural history, or of chemistry, was wanted to enable him to execute the original conception correctly.

With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its
neighbours :

Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know
him ?

Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will shew
him.

What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, truth, should have miss'd him ;
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe ;
Have you found this, or t' other ? there's more in the
wind,

As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature call'd Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.



TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Ellisland, 21st Oct. 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie !
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?
I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie

Wad bring ye to :

Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye,
And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south !
And never drink be near his drouth !
He tald mysel, by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak my letter ;
I lippen'd to the chiel in trowth,
 And hade nae better.

But, aiblins, honest Master Heron
Had at the time some dainty fair one
To ware his theologic care on,
 And holy study ;
And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.*

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
I'm turnd'd a gauger—Peace be here !
Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear,
 Ye'll now disdain me,
And then my fifty pounds a year
 Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha, by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
 Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
 'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies ;
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,
 I need nae vaunt,

* Mr. Heron, author of the History of Scotland, and of various other works.

But I'll sned besoms—thaw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this world o' care!
I'm weary sick o't late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
Than mony ithers;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair;
Wha does the utinost that he can,
Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie;
And eke the same to honest Lucky,
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
As e'er tread clay!
And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I'm yours for aye,

ROBERT BURNS.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON
NEW-YEAR-DAY EVENING.

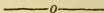
No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
That queen's it o'er our taste—the more's the pity :
Tho', by the by, abroad why will you roam ?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home :
But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good new year !
Old Father Time deposes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story :
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
“ You're one year older this important day ;”
If *wiser* too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question ;
And with a would-be-roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—“ think !”

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush'd with hope and
spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way :
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle ;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him ;
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him ;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care !
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—now !

To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers, bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.



ELEGY

ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens;
Ye mossy-streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
 And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres ;
 But, like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
 Thou left us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
 That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care :
 So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
 So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.



THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

*An Occasional Address spoken by Miss Fontenelle
 on her Benefit-Night.*

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
 The fate of empires and the fall of kings ;
 While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
 And even children lisp *the Rights of Man* ;
 Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First in the sexes' intermix'd connexion,
 One sacred Right of Woman is *protection*.—
 The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
 Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
 Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
 Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.—

Our second Right—but needless here to caution,
 To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
 Each man of sense has it so full before him,
 He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis *decorum*.—
 There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
 A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways ;

Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
 Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet—
 Now, thank our stars ! these Gothic times are fled ;
 Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
 Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
 Such conduct neither spirit wit nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
 That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
 Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
 Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear *admiration* !
 In that blest sphere alone we live and move ;
 There taste that life of life—immortal love.—
 Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
 When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
 Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms ?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
 With bloody armaments and revolutions ;
 Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah ! ça ira ! the Majesty of Woman !



ADDRESS,

*Spoken by Miss Fontenelle, on her Benefit-Night,
 December 4, 1795, at the Theatre, Dumfries.*

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
 And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
 A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better :
 So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
 Told him I came to feast my curious eyes ;
 Said, nothing like his works was ever printed ;
 And last, my Prologue-business slyly hinted.
 " Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
 " I know your bent—these are no laughing times :

Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears,
 Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears—
 With laden sighs, and solemn rounded sentence,
 Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance ;
 Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand, }
 Waving on high the desolating brand, }
 Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?" }

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
 D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
 I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more the world shall know
 it ;
 And so, your servant ! gloomy Master Poet !

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
 That Misery's another word for Grief :
 I also think—so may I be a bride !—
 That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
 Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye ;
 Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
 To make three guineas do the work of five :
 Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch !
 Say you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
 Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove ;
 Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
 Measurs't in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
 Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
 Peerest to meditate the healing leap :
 Would'st thou be cured, thou silly, moping elf ?
 Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself :
 Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
 And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise ;
 And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

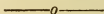
VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song.

Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest want the tale of wo reveals;
While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born piety her sanction seals.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A
COPY OF HIS POEMS.

PRESENTED TO A LADY, WHOM HE HAD OFTEN
CELEBRATED UNDER THE NAME OF CHLORIS.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
 Chill came the tempest's lower;
 (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
 Dip nip a fairer flow'r).

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
 Still much is left behind;
 Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
 On conscious honour's part;
 And, dearest gift of Heaven below,
 Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
 With every muse to rove:
 And doubly were the poet blest
 These joys could he improve.



COPY OF A POETICAL ADDRESS TO
 MR. WILLIAM TYTLER,

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
 Of Stuart, a name once respected,
 A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
 But now 'tis despis'd and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
 Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
 A poor friendless wanderer may well claim a sigh,
 Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne;
 My fathers have fallen to right it;
 Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
 That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
 The Queen, and the rest of the gentry;
 Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
 Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,

* * * * *

But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground,
 Who knows how the fashions may alter?
 The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
 To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
 A trifle scarce worthy your care;
 But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
 And ushers the long dreary night;
 But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
 Your course to the latest is bright.

—o—

THE FOLLOWING POEM

WAS WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT
 HIM A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTI-
 NUE IT, FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
 And faith, to me, 'twas really new!

How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
 This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
 To ken what French mischief was brewin;
 Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin:
 That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
 If Venus yet had got his nose off;
 Or how the collingshangie works
 Atween the Russians and the Turks:
 Or if the Swede, before he halt,
 Would play anither Charles the Twalt:
 If Denmark, any body spak o't;
 Or Poland, who had now the tack o't:
 How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin:
 How libbet Italy was singin:
 If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
 Were sayin or takin aught amiss:
 Or how our merry lads at hame,
 In Britain's court kept up the game:
 How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
 Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
 If sleekit Chatham Will was livin,
 Or galkit Charlie got his nieve in:
 How daddie Burke the plea was cookin,
 If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin:
 How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
 Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd:
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;
 If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
 Was threshin still at hizzies' tails,
 Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
 And no a perfect kintra cooser.
 A' this and mair I never heard of;
 And but for you I might despair'd of.
 So gratefu', back your news I send you,
 And pray a' guid things may attend you!

Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1790.

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL, Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!
 In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
 Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
 'Mang heaps o' clavers;
 And, och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
 'Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
 While loud, the trump's heroic clang,
 And sock or buskin skelp alang
 To death or marriage:
 Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
 But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
 Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives;
 Wee Pope, the knurlin, till him rives
 Horatian fame;
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
 They're no herd's ballads, Maro's catches:
 Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
 O' heathen tatters:
 I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
 That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
 Will nane the shepherd's whistle mair
 Blaw sweetly in its native air
 And rural grace;
 And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian, share
 A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan!
 There's ane! come forrit, honest Allan!
 Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
 A chiel sae clever!
 The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tamtallan,
 But thou's for ever.

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
 In thy sweet Caledonian lines:
 Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
 Where Philomel,
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
 Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
 Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
 Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
 Wi' hawthorns gray,
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
 At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel;
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
 Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
 O' witchin love,
 That charm that can the strongest quell,
 The sternest move.



SKETCH.—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
 To run the twelvemonth's length again:
 I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
 With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,

Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer;
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Colia's fair Rachel's care to-day,
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
—That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me in moralizing,
This day's propitious to be wise in.
First, what did yesternight deliver?
"Another year is gone for ever."
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Rest on!—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies:
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight;
That future life, in worlds unknown,
Must take its hue from this alone;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woful night,—
Since then, my honour'd, first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,

Let us th' important *now* employ,
 And live as those that never die,
 Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
 Witness that filial circle round,
 (A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
 A sight pale envy to convulse,)
 Others now claim your chief regard ;
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

—o—

EXTEMPORE ON THE LATE MR. W.
 SMELLIE,

AUTHOR OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HIS-
 TORY, AND MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN AND
 ROYAL SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

To Crochallan came

The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same ;
 His bristling beard just rising in its might,
 'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night,
 His uncomb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd ;
 A head, for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd ;
 Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
 His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

—o—

POETICAL INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE, AT KER-
 ROUGHTRY, THE SEAT OF MR. HERON ; WRIT-
 TEN IN SUMMER, 1795.

THOU of an independent mind,
 With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd ;
 Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
 Who wilt not be, nor have a slave ;
 Virtue alone who dost revere,
 Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
 Approach this shrine, and worship here.

}

ANSWER TO A MANDATE

SENT BY THE SURVEYOR OF TAXES, TO EACH FARMER, ORDERING HIM TO SEND A SIGNED LIST OF HIS HORSES, SERVANTS, WHEEL-CARRIAGES, &c. AND WHETHER HE WAS A MARRIED MAN OR A BACHELOR, AND WHAT CHILDREN THEY HAD.

SIR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list,
My horses, servants, carts, and graith,
To which I'm free to tak my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew before a pettle;
My *hand-a-fore*, a guid auld has-been,
And wight and wilfu' a' his days seen;
My *hand-a-hin*, a guid brown filly,
Wha aft has born me safe frae Killie,
And your auld borough mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime:
My *fur-a-hin* a guid grey beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd:
The fourth, a Highland Donald hasty,
A d-mn'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie,
Forbye a cowte, of cowtes the wale,
As ever ran before a tail;
An' he be spar'd to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel carriages I hae but few,
Three carts, and twa are feckly new;
An auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
Ae leg and baith the trams are broken;
I made a poker o' the spindle,
And my auld mither brunt the trundle.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
 Run-deils for rantin and for noise;
 A gadsman ane, a thresher t'other,
 Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.
 I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
 And often labour them completely;
 And aye on Sundays duly nightly,
 I on the questions tairge them tightly,
 Till faith wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,
 (Tho' scarcely langer than my leg,)
 He'll screed you off *effectual calling*
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.

I've nane in female servant station,
 Lord keep me aye frae a' temptation!
 I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,
 And ye hae laid nae tax on misses;
 For weans I'm mair than weel contented,
 Heaven sent me ane more than I wanted;
 My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
 She stares the daddie in her face,
 Enough of aught ye like but grace.

}

But her, my bonny, sweet, wee lady,
 I've said enough for her already,
 And if ye tax her or her mither,
 By the L—d ye'se get them a' thegither!

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
 Nae kind of license out I'm taking;
 Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
 Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle:
 I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thankit!
 And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.
 This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
 The day and date as under noted;
 Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic

ROBERT BURNS.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

MISS JESSY L——, DUMFRIES,

With Books which the Bard presented her.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
 And with them take the poet's prayer;
 That fate may in her fairest page
 With every kindest, best presage
 Of future bliss, enrol thy name;
 With native worth, and spotless fame,
 And wakeful caution still aware
 Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare;
 All blameless joys on earth we find,
 And all the treasures of the mind—
 These be thy guardian and reward;
 So prays thy faithful friend, *the Bard.*

—o—

EX TEMPORE,

TO MR. S**E, ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM,
 AFTER HAVING BEEN PROMISED THE FIRST OF
 COMPANY, AND THE FIRST OF COOKERY; 17TH
 DECEMBER, 1795.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
 And cook'ry the first in the nation;
 Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
 Is proof to all other temptation.

—o—

TO MR. S**E, WITH A PRESENT OF A
 DOZEN OF PORTER.

O, HAD the malt thy strength of mind.
 Or hops the flavour of thy wit!
 'Twere drink for first of human kind,
 A gift that e'en for S**e were fit.

P O E M

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF
EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the meikle deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,
In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That *one pound one*, I sairly want it:
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
I'd bear't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
To thee and thine;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket:
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,

My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
 A tentier way :
 Then fareweel folly, hide and hair o't,
 For ance and aye.



SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE
 HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
 The fumes of wine infuriate send ;
 (Not moony madness more astray ;)
 Who but deplores that hapless friend ?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
 Ah, why should I such scenes outlive !
 Scenes so abhorrent to my heart ?
 'Tis thine to pity and forgive.



POEM ON LIFE,

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER,
 DUMFRIES, 1796.

MY honour'd Colonel, deep I feel
 Your interest in the Poet's weal ;
 Ah ! now sma' heart hae I to speel
 The steep Parnassus,
 Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
 And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it,
 Would pain and care, and sickness spare it ;
 And fortune favour worth and merit
 As they deserve :

(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;
 Syne wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
 And in paste gems and frippery deck her,
 Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
 I've found her still,
 Aye wavering like the willow wicker,
 'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagole, auld Satan,
 Watches, like baudrans by a rattan,
 Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
 Wi' felon ire;
 Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
 He's off like fire.

Ah! Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
 First shewing us the tempting ware,
 Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
 To put us daft:
 Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
 O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flie aft bizzes by,
 And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
 Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
 And hellish pleasure;
 Already in thy fancy's eye,
 Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs,
 And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
 Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
 And murdering wrestle,
 As dangling in the wind he hangs
 A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
 To plague you with this draunting drivel,
 Abjuring a' intentions evil,
 I quat my pen :
 The Lord preserve us frae the devil !
 Amen ! amen !



ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
 That shoots my tortur'd gums alang ;
 And through my lugs gies mony a twang,
 Wi' gnawing vengeance ;
 Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
 Like racking engines !

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
 Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes,
 Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
 Wi' pitying moan ;
 But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,—
 Aye mocks our groan !

Adown my beard the slavers trickle !
 I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
 As round the fire the giglets keckle,
 To see me loup ;
 While raving mad, I wish a heckle
 Were in their doup.

Of a' the num'rous human dools,
 Ill har'sts, daft bargains, *cutty stools*,
 Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
 Sad sight to see !
 The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
 Thour bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
 Whence a' the tones o' misery yell,
 And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
 In dreadfu' raw,
 Thou, TOOTH-ACHE, surely bear'st the bell
 Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
 That gars the notes of *discord* squeel,
 Till daft mankind aft dance a reel,
 In gore a shoe-thick :—
 Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
 A towmond's Tooth-ache.



HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the heav'ns dost dwell,
 Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
 Sends ane to heav'n and ten to hell,
 A' for thy glory,
 And no for ony guid or ill
 They've done afore thee.

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
 Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
 That I am here afore thy sight,
 For gifts an' grace,
 A burnin and a shinin light,
 To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
 That I should get such exaltation?
 I, wha deserve sic just damnation,
 For broken laws,
 Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
 Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
 Thou might hae plunged me in hell,
 To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
 In burning lake,
 Whare damned Devils roar and yell,
 Chain'd to a staik.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
 To show thy grace is great and ample ;
 I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
 A guide, a buckler, an' example
 To a' thy flock.

O L—d thou kens what zeal I bear,
 When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
 And singin there, and dancin here,
 Wi' great an' sma' ;
 For I am keepit by thy fear,
 Free frae them a'.

But yet, O L—d! confess I must,
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust,
 And sometimes too, wi' worldly trust,
 Vile self gets in ;
 But thou remembers we are dust,
 Defil'd in sin.

* * * * * * *

Besides, I farther maun allow,
 Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow ;
 But L—d, that Friday I was fou ;
 When I came near her,
 Or else, thou kens, thy *servant true*
 Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this *fleshly thorn*,
 Beset thy servant e'en and morn,

Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
 'Cause he's sae *gifted*;
 If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,
 Until thou lift it.

L—d bless thy chosen in this place,
 For *here* thou hast a *chosen race*;
 But G-d confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
 Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
 An' public shame.

L—d, mind G—n H——n's deserts,
 He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
 He has sae monie takin arts,
 Wi' grit and sma',
 Frae G—d's ain priest the people's hearts
 He steals awa'.

And when we chasten'd him therefore,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 As set the warld all in a roar
 O' laughin at us;
 Curse thou his basket and his store,
 Kail an' potatoes.

L—d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
 Against that presbytery o' Ayr;
 Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare,
 Upo' their heads,
 L—d, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds.

O L—d, my G-d, that glib-tongu'd A——n.
 My vera heart an' saul are quakin,
 To think how we stood sweatin, shakin,
 And p—d wi' dread,

While he wi' hangin lip and snakin,
Held up his head.

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him,
L—d, visit them wha did employ him,
An' pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their pray'r ;
But, for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
And a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, amen.

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's sair-worn clay
Takes up its last abode ;
His saul has ta'en some other way,
I fear, the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is as sure's a gun,
Poor silly body, see him ;
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Observe wha's standin wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye ;
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye hae nane ;
Justice, alas ! has gi'en him o'er,
And mercy's day is gaen.

But hear me, Sir, Deil as ye are,
 Look something to your credit;
 A coof like him wad stain your name,
 If it were kent ye did it.

—o—

THE KIRK'S ALARM,*

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX, Orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
 Let me sound an alarm to your conscience:
 There's a heretic blast has been blawn in the wast;
 That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac,† Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
 To strike evil-doers wi' terror;
 To join faith and sense upon any pretence,
 Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, Town of Ayr, it was mad, I declare,
 To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;
 Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
 And orator Bob‡ is its ruin.

D'rymple mild,§ D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's
 like a child,
 And your life like the new-driven snaw,
 Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
 For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

Rumble John,|| Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a
 groan,
 Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd;

* This Poem was written a short time after the publication of Mr. M'Gill's Essays.

† Dr. M'Gill. ‡ R—t A—k—n. § Mr. D——e. || Mr. R—ss—ll

Then lug out the ladle, deal brimstone like adle,
And roar ev'ry note of the damn'd.

Simper James,* Simper James, leave the fair Killie
dames,
There's a holier chace in your view;
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney,† Singet Sawney, are ye herding the
penny,
Unconscious what evils await;
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,
For the foul Thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld,‡ Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk;
Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
And if ye canna bite, ye maun bark.

Davie Bluster,§ Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do
muster,
The corps is so nice of recruits:
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamie Goose,|| Jamie Goose, ye hae made but toom
roose,
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant;
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark,
He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie,¶ Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit;

* Mr. M'K—y. † Mr. M——y. ‡ Mr. A—d.
§ Mr. G——t of Ochiltree. || Mr. Y——g of Cummock.
¶ Mr. P—b—s of Ayre.

O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid astride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t.

Andro Gouk,* Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
And the book not the waur, let me tell ye!
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie,† Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what
mean ye?
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irwin side,‡ Irwin side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share;
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock,§ Muirland Jock, when the L—d
makes a rock
To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill-manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will,|| Holy Will, there was wit in your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saunt,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns,
Ammunition ye never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

* Dr. A. M——ll. † Mr. S——n Y—g of Barr.

‡ Mr. S——h of Galston. § Mr. S——d. || An Elder in M——e.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping
turns,

Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,
She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.

—o—

LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE,

KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

O GOUDIE! terror o' the Whigs,
Dread o' black coats and rev'rend wigs;
Sour bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin looks back
Wishing the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin, glow'rin Superstition,
Waes me! she's in a sad condition;
Fly, bring Black-Jock, her state physician,
To see her w-ter;
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple
But now she's got an unco ripple,
Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,
Nigh unto death;
See how she fetches at the thrapple,
An' gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gaen in a galloping consumption,
Not a' the quacks wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her,

Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption,
 Death soon will end her.

"Tis you and Taylor* are the chief,
 Wha are to blame for this mischief;
 But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave,
 A toom tar-barrel
 An' twa red peats wad send relief,
 An' end the quarrel.



THE TWA HERDS.†

O A' ye pious, godly flocks,
 Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
 Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
 Or worrying tykes,
 Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks
 About the dykes ?

The twa best Herds in a' the wast,
 That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
 These five-and-twenty simmers past,
 O ! dool to tell,
 Hae had a bitter, black out-cast
 Atween themsel.

O, M——y, man, and wordy R——ll,
 How could you raise so vile a bustle,
 Ye'll see how new-light Herds will whistle,
 And think it fine !

* Dr. Taylor, of Norwich.

† This piece was among the first of our Author's productions which he submitted to the public ; and was occasioned by a dispute between two Clergymen, near Kilmarnock.

The L—d's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
Sin' I hae min'.

O, Sirs! whae'er wad hae expectit,
Your duty ye wad sae neglectit,
Ye wha were ne'er by laird respectit!
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves electit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' M——y's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank,
Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank,
He let them taste,
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear, they drank,
O sic a feast!

The thummart wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
Weel kenn'd his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What Herd like R——ll te'lld his tale,
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And new-light Herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin,
Could shak them o'er the burning dub;
Or heave them in.

Sic twa!—O, do I live to see't!
 Sic famous twa should disagreeet,
 An' names, like villain, hypocrite,
 Ilk ither gi'en,
 While new-light Herds, wi' laughin spite
 Say neither's liein'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
 There's D——n deep, and P——s shaul,
 But chiefly thou, apostle A——d,
 We trust in thee,
 That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
 Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we're beset,
 There's scarce a new Herd that we get,
 But comes frae 'mang that cursed set,
 I winna name,
 I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
 In fiery flame.

D——e has been lang our fae,
 M'——ll has wrought us meikle wae,
 And that cur'd rascal ca'd M——e,
 And baith the S——s,
 That aft hae made us black and blae,
 Wi' vengefu' pawz.

Auld W——w lang has hatch'd mischief,
 We thought ay death wad bring relief,
 But he has gotten, to our grief,
 Ane to succeed him,
 A chiel wha'll soundly buff our beef;
 I meikle dread him.

And monie a ane that I could tell,
 Wha fain would openly rebel,

Forbye turn-coats amang oursel,
 There S—h for ane,
 I doubt he's but a grey-nick quill,
 An' that ye'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
 By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
 Come join your counsel and your skills,
 To cowe the lairds,
 And get the brutes the power themselfs,
 To choose their Herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
 And Learning in a woody dance,
 And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
 That bites sae sair,
 Be banish'd o'er the sea to France:
 Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
 M'—ll's close, nervous excellence,
 M' Q—'s pathetic, manly sense,
 And guid M'—h,
 Wi' S—h, wha thro' the heart can glance,
 May a' pack aff.

—o—

ON SENSIBILITY.

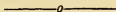
TO MY DEAR AND MUCH-HONOURED FRIEND,
 MRS. DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
 Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
 But distress with horrors arming,
 Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray ;
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys ;
Hapless bird ! a prey the surest,
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
Finer feelings can bestow ;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.



SONNET,

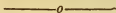
WRITTEN ON THE 25TH OF JANUARY, 1793, THE
BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A
THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough ;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain ;
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day !
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies !
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give or take away !

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care ;
The mite high Heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee
I'll share.



TO THE
GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE,

IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE WHICH SHE HAD
SENT THE AUTHOR.

GUIDWIFE,
I MIND it weel in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
And first could thresh the barn ;
Or laud a yokin at the pleugh ;
An' tho' forfoughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn ;
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing and clearing
The tither stooked raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day awa.

E'en then, a wish, I mind its pow'r,
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear ;

No nation, no station,
My envy ne'er could raise,
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
Wild floated in my brain;
Till on that har'st I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She rous'd the forming strain:
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up her jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky e'en
That gart my heart-strings tingle;
I fired, inspired,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing, and dashing,
I feared ay to speak.

Health to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
Wi' merry dance in winter-days,
An' we to share in common:
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither:
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her.
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you nae bred to barn or byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line:

The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
 By me should gratefully be ware;
 'Twad please me to the Nine.
 I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
 Douce hinging o'er my curple.
 Than ony ermine ever lap,
 Or proud imperial purple,
 Fareweel then, lang heal then,
 An' plenty be your fa':
 May losses and crosses
 Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

March, 1787.

R. BURNS.



TO J. RANKEN,

ON HIS WRITING TO THE AUTHOR THAT A GIRL
 WAS WITH CHILD BY HIM.

I AM a keeper of the law
 In some sma' points, altho' not a';
 Some people tell me gin I fa',
 Ae way or ither,
 The breaking of a point, tho' sma',
 Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
 Aud winna say, o'er far for thrice,
 Yet never met with that surprise
 That broke my rest,
 But now a rumour's like to rise,
 A whaup's i' the nest.

ADDRESS

TO AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

THOU's welcome wean, mischanter fa' me,
If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,
Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
 My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
 Tit-ta or daddy.

Wee image of my bonnie Betty,
I fatherly will kiss an' daut thee,
As dear an' near my heart I set thee,
 Wi' as gude will
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
 That's out o' h-ll.

What tho' they ca' me fornicator :
And tease my name in kintry-clatter :
The mair they tauk I'm kent the better,
 E'en let them clash ;
An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
 To gie ane fash.

Sweet fruit o' monie a merry dint,
My funny toil is now a' tint,
Sin' thou came to the warl' asklent,
 Which fools may scoff at ;
In my last plack thy part's be in't—
 The better half o't.

An' if thou be what I wad hae thee,
An' tak the counsel I sall gie thee,
A lovin father I'll be to thee,
 If thou be spar'd ;

Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee,
An' think't weel war'd.

Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
Thy mither's person, grace, an' merit,
And thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failins,
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,
Than stocket mailens.



TO A TAILOR,

IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE WHICH HE HAD
SENT THE AUTHOR.

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie b—h.
To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
Losh, man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkie's bauld,
I did nae suffer half sae much
Frae Daddie Auld.

What tho' at times when I grow crouse,
I gie their wames a random pouce,
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse,
An' jag the flae.

King David, o' poetic brief,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As fill'd his after life wi' grief
An' bloody rants,
An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
 My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
 I'll gie auld cleven Clooty's haunts
 An unco slip yet,¹
 An' snugly git amang the saunts,
 At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs, the Session says I maun
 Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
 Than garren lasses cowp the cran
 Clean heels owre body,
 And sairly thole their mither's ban,
 Afore the howdy.

This leads me on, to tell for sport,
 How I did with the Session sort—
 Auld Clinkum at the inner port
 Cry'd three times "Robin!
 Come hither lad, an' answer for't,
 Ye're blam'd for jobbin."

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
 An' snoov'd awa' before the Session—
 I made an open, fair confession,
 I scorn'd to lie;
 An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
 Fell foul o' me.

A fornicator loun he call'd me,
 An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me;
 I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
 " But what the matter,"
 Quo' I, " I fear unless ye geld me,
 I'll ne'er be better."

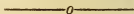
" Geld you," quo' he, " and whatfore no,
 If that your right hand, leg, or toe,

Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe,
 You shou'd remember
 To cut it aff, an' whatfore no
 Your dearest mæmber !”

“ Na, na,” quo’ I, “ I’m no for that,
 Gelding’s nae better than ’tis ca’t,
 I’d rather suffer for my faut,
 A hearty flewit,
 As sair owre hip as ye can draw’t !
 Tho’ I should rue it.

“ Or gin ye like to end the bother,
 To please us a’, I’ve just ae ither,
 When next wi’ yon lass I forgather,
 Whate’er betide it,
 I’ll frankly gie her’t a’ thegither,
 An’ let her guide it.”

But, Sir, this pleas’d them warst ava,
 An’ therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
 I said “ Guid night,” and cam awa’,
 An’ left the Session ;
 I saw they were resolved a’
 On my oppression.



LAMENT

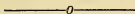
OF A MOTHER FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
 And pierc’d my darling’s heart :
 And with him all the joys are fled
 Life can to me impart.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
 In dust dishonour'd laid :
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,
 My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
 Bewails her ravish'd young ;
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long.

Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
 Now, fond I bare my breast,
 O, do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love, at rest :



SONNET,

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ. OF
 GLENRIDDEL, APRIL, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood—no more !
 Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul :
 Thou young-ey'd Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
 More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes ?
 Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend :
 How can I to the tuneful strain attend ?
 That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where
 Riddle lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe !
 And soothe the *Virtues* weeping on this bier :
 The *Man of Worth*, and has not left his peer,
 Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low,

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet ;
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave ;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train* ;
Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd well†,
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane‡;

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky ;
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form,
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd :
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

* The King's Park, at Holyrood House.

† St. Anthony's Well. ‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
 Reclin'd that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
 That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
 And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world :—

“ My patriot Son fills an untimely grave !”
 With accents wild, and lifted arms she cried—
 “ Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
 Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride !

“ A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
 The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
 And drooping hearts surround their patron's bier,
 And grateful science heaves the heart-felt sigh.

“ I saw my sons resume their ancient fire :
 I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow ;
 But, ah ! how hope is born but to expire !
 Relentless fate has laid this guardian low.

“ My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
 While empty greatness saves a worthless name !
 No ; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
 And future ages hear his growing fame.

“ And I will join a mother's tender cares,
 Thro' future times to make his virtue last,
 That distant years may boast of other Blairs !”—
 She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

—————o—————

LETTER

TO J——S T——T, GL—NC—R.

AULD comrade dear and brither sinner,
 How's a' the folk about Gl—nc—r?
 How do you this blae eastlin wind,
 That's like to blaw a body blind?

For me my faculties are frozen,
My dearest member nearly dozen'd :
I've sent you here by Johnnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on ;
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
An' Reid, to common sense appealing,
Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
An' meikle Greek and Latin mangled,
Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
An' in the depth of science mir'd,
To common sense they now appeal,
What wives an' wabsters see an' feel ;
But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
Peruse them and return them quickly ;
For now I'm grown sae cursed douce,
I pray and ponder *butt* the house,
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston ;
Till by an' by, if I haud on,
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan :
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my een up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore :
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace an' wale of honest men :
When bending down with auld grey hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May he who made him still support him,
An' views beyond the grave comfort him.
His worthy fam'ly far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear.

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my mason Billie,

An' Auchenhay, I wish him joy ;
If he's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, an' Meg the mither,
Just five-an'-forty years thegither !
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
An' L—d remember singing Sannock,
Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock.
An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy ;
An' her kind stars hae airted till her
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate an' sister Janet ;
Tell them frae me, wi' chieles be cautious,
For, faith, they'll ablins fin' them fashious :
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead's the devil !
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell :
But first, before you see heav'n's glory,
May ye get monie a merry story,
Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,
An' ay enough o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you,
For my sake this I beg it o' you,
Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
Ye'll fin' him just an honest man ;
Sae I conciude an' quat my chanter,
Your's, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

ON A YOUNG LADY,

RESIDING ON THE BANKS OF THE SMALL RIVER
DEVON, IN CLACKMANNANSHIRE, BUT WHOSE
INFANT YEARS WERE SPENT IN AYRSHIRE.

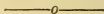
How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming
fair :

But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing flower,
In the gay, rosy morn as it bathes in the dew !
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn !
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn !

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose ;
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.



VERSES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS
POEMS, PRESENTED TO AN OLD SWEETHEART,
THEN MARRIED.

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,

Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Friendship!—'tis all cold duty now allows:—

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,
Who distant burns in flaming, torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.



EXTEMPORE,

WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO A CARD FROM AN INTIMATE OF BURNS, INVITING HIM TO SPEND AN HOUR AT A TAVERN.

THE King's most humble servant I,
Can scarcely spare a minute ;
But I'll be wi' you by and bye,
Or else the devil's in it.



EXTEMPORE,

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give,
Deal freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things that were.



LINES

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.

OH! had each SCOT of ancient times,
Been, JEANY SCOTT, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground,
Had yielded like a coward.

EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS, ETC. ETC.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE souter Will in death does sleep,
To h-ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep!
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes;
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch
Into thy dark dominion!

ON WEE JOHNNY.

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnny!
And here his body lies fu' low——
For saul he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the generous friend;

The pitying heart that felt for human wo !
 The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride !
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
 " For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."*

FOR ROBERT AIKEN, Esq.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
 Of this much-lov'd much honour'd name !
 (For none that knew him need be told)
 A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq.

THE poor man weeps—here *Gavin* sleeps,
 Whom canting wretches blam'd ;
 But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
 May I be *saved* or *d*——*d* !

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
 Let him draw near,
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
 Who, noteless steals the crowds among,
 That weekly this area throng,
 O, pass not by !
 But, with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here heave a sigh.

* Goldsmith.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave,
 Here pause—and thro' the starting tear,
 Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame,
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
 In low pursuit,
 Know, prudent, cautious, *self control*,
 Is wisdom's root.

ON JOHN DOVE,

INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pidgeon,
 What was his religion?
 Whae'er desires to ken,
 To some other war!
 Maun follow the carl,
 For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane!

Strong ale was ablution—
 Small beer persecution,
 A dram was *memento mori*;
 But a full flowing bowl
 Was the saving his soul,
 And port was celestial glory.

ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest
As e'er God with his image blest ;
The friend of man, the friend of truth ;
The friend of age, and guide of youth ;
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd :
If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

ON A WAG IN MAUCLINE.

LAMENT him Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye ;
For had ye staid whole weeks awa,
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.
Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye press
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on this grass,—
Perhaps he was your father.

THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

CURS'D be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife !
Who has no will, but by her high permission ;
Who has not sixpence, but in her possession :
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell ;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell !
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart ;
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.

THE HIGHLAND WELCOME.

COMPOSED AND REPEATED BY BURNS, TO THE MASTER
OF THE HOUSE, ON TAKING LEAVE AT A PLACE IN
THE HIGHLANDS, WHERE HE HAD BEEN HOSPITABLY
ENTERTAINED.

WHEN death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In heav'n itself, I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.

GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent:
And, if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But, whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!
Amen.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE.

THE devil got notice that Grose was a dying,
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay
moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Astonish'd! confounded! cry'd Satan, "By G-d!
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load!"

SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A Cantata.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or, wavering, like the bauckie* bird,
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast :
When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite.
In hoary cranreugh drest ;
Ae night, at e'en, a merry core
O' rardie gangrel bodies,
In Poesie-Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies :
Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang ;
Wi' jumping and thumping,
The vera girdle rang.

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel braced wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order ;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae and blankets warm,
She blinket on her sodger ;
And aye he gies the touzie drab
The tither skelpin kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab,
Just like an aumis-dish :

* The old Scottish name for a bat.

Ilk smack still, did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's whup,
 Then staggering, and swaggering,
 He roar'd this ditty up—

. AIR.

TUNE—"Soldier's Joy."

I AM a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come ;
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his
 last,
 When the bloody dye was cast on the heights of
 Abram ;
 I served out my trade when the gallant game was
 play'd,
 And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb ;
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

And now, tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and
 leg,
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
 I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my
 callet,
 As when I used in scarlet to follow the drum,
 Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho' with hoary locks I must stand the winter
 shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks, oftentimes for a home ;
 Whe the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended ; and the kebars sheuk
 Aboon the chorus' roar ;
 While frightened rattons backward leuk,
 And seek the benmost bore ;
 A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
 He skirl'd out encore !
 But up arose the martial's chuck,
 And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

TUNE—" *Soldier Laddie.*"

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
 And still my delight is in proper young men ;
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
 No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.
 Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;
 His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
 Transported I was with my sodger laddie.
 Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
 So the sword I forsook for the sake of the church ;
 He ventur'd the soul, and risked the body,
 'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.
 Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanetified sot,
 The regiment at large for a husband I got;
 From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
 I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,
 Till I met my old boy at Cunningham fair,
 His rags regimental they fluttered sae gaudy,
 My heart it rejoiced at my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have lived—I know not how long,
 And still I can join in a cup or a song;
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass
 steady,

Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk,
 Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
 They mind't na wha the chorus took,
 Between themselves they were sae bizzy;
 At length, wi' drink and courting dizzy,
 He stoiter'd up and made a face;
 Then turn'd and laid a smack on Grizzly,
 Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

TUNE—"Auld Sir Symon."

SIR Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
 Sir Knave is a fool in a session;
 He's there but 'apprentice I trow,
 But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
And I held awa to the school;
I fear I my talent misteuk;
But what will ye hae of a fool?

For drink I wad venture my neck;
A hizzie's the hauf o' my craft;
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffing;
I ance was abus'd i' the kirk,
For towzling a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
There's even, I'm tauld, i' the court,
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observ'd ye, yon reverend lad
Maks faces to tickle the mob;
He rails at our mountebank squad;
It's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry,
The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
Guid L—d, is far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling
For monie a pursie she had hook'd,
And had in mony a well been duck'd;
Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!

Wi' sighs and sabs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

TUNE—"O, an' you were dead, Gudeman."

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,
The Lawland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey, my braw John Highlandman!
Sing, ho, my braw John Highlandman!
There' not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

Wi' his philibeg and tartan plaid,
And gude claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
And lived like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lalland face he feared nane,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast:

The sweetest still to wife and maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
And O! sae nicely's we will fare;
We'll bouse about, till daddie Care
Sings whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
And sun oursels about the dyke,
And at our leisure, when we like,
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the love o't.
I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
As weel as poor Gut-scraper;
He tak's the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a rusty rapier—
He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
To spit him like a pliver,
Unless he wad from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly ee, poor Tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
And pray'd for grace, wi' rueful face,
And sae the quarrel ended.
But tho' his little heart did grieve
When round the tinker press'd her,

He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve.
 When thus the Caird address'd her :

AIR.

TUNE—" *Clout the Cauldron.*"

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
 A tinker is my station;
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground
 In this my occupation;
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
 In many a noble squadron;
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
 To go and clout the cauldron.
 I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
 Wi' a' his noise and caprin,
 And tak a share wi' those that bear
 The budget and the apron;
 And by that stowp, my faith and houp,
 And by that dear Kilbagie,*
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er wat my craigie.
 And by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk,
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
 And partly she was drunk.
 Sir Violino, with an air
 That show'd a man o' spunk,

* A peculiar sort of whisky so called; a great favourite with Poosie-Nansie's club.

Wish'd unison between the pair,
 And made the bottle clunk
 To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
 That play'd a dame a shavie,
 The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,
 Behint the chicken-cavie,
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,*
 Tho' limping wi' the spavie,
 He hirpl'd up, and lap like Daft,
 And shor'd them Dainty Davie
 To boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
 As ever Bacchus listed,
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had nae wish, but—to be glad,
 Nor want—but when he thirsted;
 He hated nought but—to be sad,
 And thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.

TUNE—"For a' that, and a' that."

I am a bard of no regard,
 Wi' gentlefolks, and a' that:
 But Homer-like, the glowran byke
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that;
 And twice as meikle's a' that;

* Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad singer on record.

I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife enough for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
Castalia's burn, and a' that;
But there it streams, and richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love, and a' that;
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that;
But clear your decks, and "Here's the sex!"
I like the jads for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that;
And twice as meikle's a' that,
My dearest blude to do them gude,
They're welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's
Shook with the thunder of applause,
Re-echo'd from each mouth;
They toom'd their pocks, and pawn'd their duds,
They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again the jovial thrang
 The poet did request,
 To lowse his pack, and wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best ;

He rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa Deborahs,
 Looks round him, and found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE—" *Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.* "

See the smoking bowl before us.
 Mark our jovial ragged ring ;
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing :

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected !
 Liberty's a glorious feast !
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title ? what is treasure ?
 What is reputation's care ?
 If we lead a life of pleasure,
 Tis no matter how or where !
 A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day ;
 And at night, in barn or stable,
 Hug our doxies on the hay.
 A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove ?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love ?
A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes ;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.
A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets !
Here's to all the wandering train !
Here's our ragged brats and callets !
One and all cry out, Amen !
A fig, &c.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie :
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early ;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly :
I set her down wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley :
I kent her heart was a' my ain ;
I lov'd her most sincerely ;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley :

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
 Her heart was beating rarely :
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Among the rigs o' barley !
 But by the moon and stars sae bright,
 That shone that hour sae clearly,
 She aye shall bless that happy night,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinking ;
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
 I hae been happy thinking :
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Though three times doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
 And corn rigs are bonnie :
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
 Among the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG.

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

TUNE—" *I had a horse, I had nae mair.*"

Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns,
 Bring Autumn's pleasant weather ;
 The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
 Among the blooming heather :
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer ;
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
 To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
The plover loves the mountains ;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
The soaring hern the fountains :
Through lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it ;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender ;
Some social join, and leagues combine ;
Some solitary wander :
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

But, *Peggy* dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow :
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature ;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly :
Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, and lovely charmer !

SONG.

TUNE—"My Nannie O."

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O'
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.
The westling wind blaws loud and shill ;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young ;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;
The opening gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O ;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
My riches a's my penny-fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O ;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O ;
But I'm as blythe that hands his pleugh,
And has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come wo, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heaven will send me, O ;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live, and love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O :
What signifies the life o' man,
And 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes, O ;
Green grow the rashes, O ;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the lasses, O.

The warly race may riches chace,
And riches still may fly them, O ;
And though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O,
And warly cares, and warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
 And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
 I meet him on the dewy hill.
 And maun I still, &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings, on fluttering wings,
 A wae-worn ghaist I hameward glide,
 And maun I still, &c.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree;
 Thy gloom will sooth my cheerless soul,
 When Nature all is sad like me!
 And maun I still, &c.

SONG.

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain:
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
 By early Winter's ravage torn;
 Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly:
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave.
 I think upon the stormy wave,

Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of *Ayr*!

SONG.

TUNE—"Gilderoy."

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore:
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar;
But boundless oceans roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee;

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!

But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh!

THE FAREWELL

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE,
 TARBOLTON.

TUNE—" *Good Night, and Joy be wi' you a'!*"

ADIEU! a heart-warm fond adieu!

Dear brothers of the *mystic tye!*

Ye favour'd, ye *enlightened* few,

Companions of my social joy!

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,

Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',

With melting heart and brimful eye,

I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,

And spent the cheerful, festive night;

Oft, honour'd with supreme command,

Presided o'er the *sons of light*:

And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,

Which none but *craftsmen* ever saw!

Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write

Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,

Unite you in the *grand design*,

Beneath th' omniscient Eye above,

The glorious *Architect* divine!

That you may keep th' *unerring line*,

Still rising by the *plummet's* law

Till *order* bright completely shine,
Still be my pray'r when far awa'.

And *you*, farewell ! whose merits claim,
Justly, that *highest badge* to wear !
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear !
A last request, permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
To him, the BARD, *that's far awa'*.

SONG.

TUNE—" *Prepare my dear Brethren, to the
Tavern let's fly.*"

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low ;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse :
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse ;
But see you the *crown* how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;
 But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

' Life's cares they are comforts'*—a maxim laid down
 By the bard, what d'ye call him? that wore the black
 gown ;

And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
 For a big-belly'd bottle's a heaven of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
 May every true brother of the compass and square,
 Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE—" *Katherine Ogie.*"

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie ;
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry :
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,

* Young's Night Thoughts.

As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel-wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary!

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly—
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary?

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blithe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.





But, oh ! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
 And my daddy has nought but a cot-house and yard ;
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed ;
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane ;
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane ;
 I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me !
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express !

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blithe yule-night when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;
 Ha, ha the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd ;
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin'.
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn ;
 Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, &c.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he.
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may go to—France for me!
Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg grew sick as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, &c.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, &c.
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

GALLA WATER.

THERE'S braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander thro' the blooming heather:
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher;

Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure :
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure !

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

TUNE—" *The Mill, Mill, O.*"

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor but honest soldier.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
A hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy;
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting-thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger!

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever;
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Synce pale like ony lilly,
She sank within my arms and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By Him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted!
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;

But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

MEG O' THE MILL.

TUNE—" *O bonnie Lass will ye lie in a Barrack?*"

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin, the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady:
The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl:—
She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;
The laird did address her wi' matter more moving,
A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear-chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen!
A tocher's nae word on a true lover's parle,
But gi'e me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

SONG.

TUNE—" *Logan water.*"

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride!

And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun,
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad mann face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay ;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers :
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy ;
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile :
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
As ye make many a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return !
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes !

THE LEA-RIG.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo,
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and weary O,
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O.
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo ;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
It maks my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

WANDERING WILLIE.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame ;
Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Wauken, ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

SONG.

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind! canst thou declare,
 All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air!
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there!

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU MY LAD.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-style, and let nae body see,
And come as ye were na comin to me,
And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee:
But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she whyle your fancy frae me.
For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green spreading bowers;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe!
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie,
Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine :
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.





We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour—
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By our sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Forward! let us do, or die!

SONG.

TUNE—"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

CHORUS.

CA' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
 My bonnie dearie.

Hark, the mavis' evening sang
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
 Then a faulding let us gang,
 My bonnie dearie.
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
 Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide
 To the moon sae clearly.
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
 Where at moonshine midnight hours,
 O'er the dewy bending flowers,
 Fairies dance sae cheery.
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
 Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
 Nought of ill may come thee near,
 My bonnie dearie.
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart;
 I can die—but canna part,
 My bonnie dearie.
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

TUNE—"Onagh's Water-fall."

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eye-brows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching
 Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
 Her smiling sae wyling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto those rosy lips to grow:
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
 When first her bonnie face I saw,
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;
 Her pretty ancle is a spy
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air ;
 Ilk feature—auld nature
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair :
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law ;
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charin,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy shew at sunny noon ;
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve and rising moon
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang ;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes her sang :
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 To say thou lo'es me best of a'?

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—" *Rothemurchus Rant*,"

CHORUS.

LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks ?
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
 And a' is young and sweet like thee ;

O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie O?
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie O.
Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way;
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie O.
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie O?

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that;
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
An honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
When sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
When man and man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be, and a' that.

SONG.

TUNE—" *Let me in this ae Night.*"

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet!
Or art thou wakin, I would wit?
For love has bound me, hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain!
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night:

And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nought to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting, woman, say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

CALEDONIA.

TUNE—" *Humours of Glen.*"

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming sunniners exalt the perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And could Caledonia's blast on the wave,

Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
palace,
What are they?—The haunt of the tyrant and
slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

SONG.

TUNE—" *This is no my ain House.*"

CHORUS.

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall!
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light as lovers' een,
When kind love is in the ee.
O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

TUNE—" *The Lothian Lassie.*"

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi' m, to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi' m, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked, for Jean,
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or cared,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think?—in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could
bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,

And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet,
 But, heav'ns! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
 But, heav'ns! how he fell a swearin,

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE—" *Balinamona ora.* "

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:
 O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

CHORUS.

Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey, for a
 lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher; the nice yellow
 guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.
 Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possest;
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
 Then hey, &c.

SONG.

TUNE—"Here's a health to them that's awa, hiney."

CHORUS.

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
 Altho' even hope is denied,
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
 Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms,
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!
 Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel-smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling ee;
 But why urge the tender confession,
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
 Here's a health, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

CHORUS.

BONNIE lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

BLITHE WAS SHE.

CHORUS.

BLITHE, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben ;
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw ;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blithe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn,
She tripp'd by the banks of Ern
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blithe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lee ;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.
Blithe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been ;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blithe, &c.

SONG.

TUNE—" *My Lodging is on the cold ground.*"
MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair :

The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings ;
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha' :
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
But are there hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo :
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true ?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine :
The courtiers' gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

TUNE—" *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*"

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;

But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair :
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see ;
Three blither hearts that lee-lang night
Ye wad na find in Christendie.
We are na fou, we're na that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee ;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we ;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be !
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift sae high ;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee !
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he !





Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three!
 We are na fou, &c.

TAM GLEN.

MY heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity;
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,
 "Gude day to you, brute," he comes ben;
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten;
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;

His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN
AULD MAN?

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
Bad luck on the pennie, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;
He's doyl't, and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

TUNE—"The Moudiewort."

CHORUS.

AN O, for ane and twenty, Tam!
 An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
 And I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',
 And then comes ane and twenty, Tam!
 An O, for ane, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
 At kith or kin I need na spier,
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
 An O, for ane, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam!
 An O, for ane, &c.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:

Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And foudly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumoddie,
Willie was a wabster guid,
Cou'd stown a clue wie' onie bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an ee, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon shouther;
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

WILT thou be my dearie?
When sorrows wrings thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
And that's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow, that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie,
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me;
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me;
Let me lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.

A coof cam in wi' rowth o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear,
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind :
O woman lovely, woman fair !
An angel form's faun to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,
I mean an angel mind.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN ?

O, WAT ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin sun upon ?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'enin sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw :
She wanders by yon spreading tree,
How blest ye flowers that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her ee.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year,
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayre ;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy ;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air ;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinkin sun's gane down upon ;
A fairer than's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear ;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form !
She has the truest, kindest heart.

THE RED, RED ROSE.

O, MY luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June :
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I :
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun :
 I will luv thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luv !
 And fare thee weel a while !
 And I will come again, my luv,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

SONG OF DEATH.

*Scene—a field of battle ; time of the day—evening ;
 the wounded and dying of the victorious army
 are supposed to join in the following Song.*

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye
 skies,

Now gay with the bright setting sun ;
 Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear, tender ties,
 Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 Go, frighten the coward and slave ;
 Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
 No terrors hast thou to the brave !

Thou strikes the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name :
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark !
 He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our
 hands,
 Our king and our country to save—
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O ! who would not rest with the brave !

IMITATION OF AN OLD JACOBITE SONG.

By yon castle wa' at the close o' the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey;
And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars:
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd:
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
Thou lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,

Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love !

Eternity will not efface,
Those records dear of transports past ;
Thy image at our last embrace ;
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green,
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care !
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade !
Where is thy blissful place of rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

N A E B O D Y.

I HAE a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' naebody ;
I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody ;

I hae nothing to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody ;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody ;
If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.

TO MARY.

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave old Scotia's shore ?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar ?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine ;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the heavens to be true ;
And sae may the heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow !

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand ;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour, and the moment o' time.

BONNIE LESLEY.

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither;

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

MARY MORISON.

TUNE—" *Bide ye yet.*"

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour,
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor ;
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weery slave frae sun to sun :
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw :
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee ?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown :
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

SONG.

TUNE—" *Liggeram Cosh.*"

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me ;

Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me:
Now nae longer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy, is the task,
Hopeless love declaring:
Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws,
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

BONNIE JEAN.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie;
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
As e'ening on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And then to tent the farms wi' me?

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

TUNE—" *Invercauld's Reel.*"

CHORUS.

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day,
Ye would na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geek at me because I'm poor,
But flent a hair care I,
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy queen,
That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,

Tho' hardly he for sense or lear
 Be better than the kye.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
 Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
 The deil a ane wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I wad na gie her in her sark,
 For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark;
 Ye need na look sae high,
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

SONG.

TUNE—"Fee him, Father."

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever.
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever.
 Aften hast thou vow'd that death
 Only should us sever;
 Now thou'st left thy lass for aye,—
 I maun see thee never, Jamie,
 I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken.
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken.
 Thou canst love anither jo,
 While my heart is breaking:
 Soon my weary een I'll close,
 Never mair to waken, Jamie,
 Ne'er mair to waken.

FAIR JENNY.

TUNE—" *Saw ye my Father?*"

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known;
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom
Is Jenny, fair Jenny, alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow;
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my wo.

SONG.TUNE—" *To Janet.*"

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir!

"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Is it man or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy ?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience ;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so, good bye allegiance !

"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it ;
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it.

"I will hope and trust in Heav'n,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy."

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you ;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

"I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy ;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy."

SONG.

TUNE—" *Could hail in Aberdeen.*"

How lang and dreary is the night
 When I am frae my dearie ;
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.

CHORUS.

For, oh ! her lanely nights are lang,
 And, oh ! her dreams are eerie ;
 And, oh ! her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie ?
 For, oh ! &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours !
 The joyless day, how dreary !
 It was na sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie.
 For, oh ! &c.

SONG,

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH ONE.

It was the charming month of May,
 When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
 One morning, by the break of day,
 The youthful, charming Chloe ;

From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe.
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.

SONG.

TUNE—" *Lumps o' Pudding.*"

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creepin alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:
My mirth and good humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare
touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a';

When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past!

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY?

TUNE—"Roy's Wife."

CHORUS.

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
Canst thou, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy.
Canst thou, &c.

MY NANNIE'S AWA.

TUNE—"There'll never be peace, &c."

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes;

While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn ;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn ;
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come, Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And sooth me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay ;
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

SONG.

TUNE—" *Laddie, lie near me.*"

'TWAS na her bonnie blue ee was my ruin ;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing :
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest !
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

SONG.

TUNE—" *Rothemurche*."

CHORUS.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou were wont to do ?

Full well thou know'st I love thee, dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear !
O, did not love exclaim, " Forbear,
" Nor use a faithful lover so ?"
Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O, let me share ;
And, by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, &c.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

TUNE—" *Morag*."

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover ;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden ;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon !

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,

The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithely singing,
And every flower be springing,
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When, by his mighty warden,
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

WHERE, BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

TUNE—"N. Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny."

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochels rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes.
As one who, by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r !
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath ;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea ;
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the ee.

Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel in beauty's bloom the whyle,
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air;
 But here, alas! for me nae mair
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle.

FAREWELL THOU STREAM.

FAREWELL thou stream that winding flows
 Around Eliza's dwelling!
 O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
 Within my bosom swelling:
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
 And yet in secret languish,
 To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
 Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my griefs would cover:
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
 Betray the hapless lover.
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,
 Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
 But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer—
 For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslav'd me;



I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
'Till fears no more had sav'd me;
The unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing;
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

JOHN ANDERSON.

TUNE—" *John Anderson my jo.*"

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw:
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
But we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

TUNE—" *The Rose-bud.*"

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair!
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shall beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

TUNE—"Maggie Lauder."

I MARRIED with a scolding wife
The fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

We liv'd full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together;

At length from me her course she steer'd,
And gone I know not whither :
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak, and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave does hide her,
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil would ne'er abide her,
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder ;
For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

FAIR ELIZA.

A Gaelic Air.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza ;
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rew on thy despairing lover !
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart ?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza ;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise !

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended ?
The offence is loving thee :
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine would gladly die ?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe ;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride o' sunny noon;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the summer moon;
 Not the poet in the moment
 Fancy lightens on his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gies to me.

THE PARTING KISS.

JOCKEY's ta'en the parting kiss,
 O'er the mountains he is gane;
 And with him is a' my bliss,
 Naught but griefs with me remain.

Spare my luv, ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleets and beating rain!
 Spare my luv, thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
 O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blithe his waukening be!

He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he'll repeat her name;
 For where'er he distant roves,
 Jockey's heart is still at hame'

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE—" *Druimion dubh.*"

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
 Which divides my love and me;

Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weel where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law;
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded ,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me,
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine!

And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast :
Thou dart of heaven, that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest,

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

WITH ALTERATIONS.

OH, open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!

Could is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, Oh!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!
My true love! she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, Oh!

CLARINDA.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run !
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie ;
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes !
No other light shall guide my steps,
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day :
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray ?

CRAIGIE-BURN.

TUNE—" *Craigie-burn-wood.*"

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow ;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing ;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing ?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

ISABELLA.

TUNE—"M'Gregor of Ruara's Lament."

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd, deploring—
"Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
O how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!"

THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

As the authentic prose history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish Gentleman of gigantic stature, and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess or else of acknowledging their inferiority.

After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie, of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before-mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel, of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie, of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
 I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
 Was brought to the court of our good Scottish King,
 And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda* still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
“This Whistle’s your challenge, to Scotland get o’er,
And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne’er see me more!”

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur’d, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Seaur,
Unmatch’d at the bottle, unconquer’d in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e’er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain’d;
Which now in his house has for ages remain’d;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew’d.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill’d in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

“By the gods of the ancients!” Glenriddle replies,
“Before I surrender so glorious a prize,

* See Ossian’s Caric-thura.

I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,*
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, "Toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd yield."

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to
fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet, lovely
dame.

A Bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were
wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er:
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage!
A high-ruling Elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with fate and quart-bumpers contend?
Tho' fate said—a hero should perish in light;
So up rose bright Phœbus, and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our Bard, like a prophet in drink:—
“Craigdarroch thoul't soar when creation shall sink;
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

“Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!”

GLOSSARY.

—o—

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo* is commonly spelt *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A', all.	Aith, an oath.
Aback, away, aloof.	Aits, oats.
Abeigh, at a shy distance.	Aiver, an old horse.
Aboon, above, up.	Aizle, a hot cinder.
Abread, abroad, in sight.	Alake, alas!
Abreed, in breadth.	Alane, alone.
Ae, one.	Akwart, awkward.
Aff, off; aff loof, unpremeditated.	Amaist, almost.
Afore, before.	An', and, if.
Aft, oft.	Ance, once.
Aften, often.	Ane, one, an.
Agley, off the right line, wrong.	Anent, over against.
Aiblins, perhaps.	Anither, another.
Ain, own.	Ase, ashes.
Air, early, soon; the oak.	Asteer, abroad, stirring.
Airl-penny, earnest-money.	Aught, possession; as, <i>in a' my aught</i> , in all my possession.
Airn, iron.	Auldfarran, orauldfarrant, cunning, prudent.
Airt, quarter of the heavens; to direct.	Ava, at all.
	Awa, away.

Awfu', awful.

Awn, the beard of barley,
oats, &c.

Awnie, bearded.

Ayont, beyond.

B.

BA', ball.

Backets, ash-boards.

Backlins comin', coming
back, returning.

Bad, did bid.

Baide, endured, did stay.

Baggie, the belly.

Bainie, large-boned.

Bairn, a child.

Bairn-time, a family of
children, a brood.

Baith, both.

Ban, to swear.

Bane, bone.

Bang, to beat, to strive.

Bardie, diminutive of bard.

Barefit, barefooted.

Barmie, of or like barm.

Batch, a crew, a gang.

Batts, botts.

Baudrons, a cat.

Bauld, bold.

Bawk, a ridge, a bank.

Baws'nt, having a white
stripe down the face.

Be, to let be, to give over,
to cease.

Bear, barley.

Beastie, dimin. of beast.

Beet, to add fuel to fire.

Belyve, by and by.

Ben, into the parlour.

Bethankit, grace after
meat.

Benk, a book.

Bicker, a kind of wooden
dish, a short race.

Biel, or bield, shelter.

Bien, wealthy, plentiful.

Big, to build.

Biggin, building a house.

Biggit, built.

Bill, a bull.

Billie, a brother, a young
fellow.

Bing, a heap of grain, pota-
toes, &c.

Birk, birch.

Birkie, a clever fellow.

Birring, the noise of par-
tridges, &c. when they
spring.

Bit, crisis, nick of time.

Bizz, a hustle, to buzz.

Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf,
a term of contempt.

Blastit, blasted,

Blate, bashful, sheepish.

Blather, bladder.

Blaud, a flat piece of any
thing; to slap.

Blaw, to blow, to boast.

Bleerit, bleared, sore with
rheum.

Bleezing, blazing.

Blellum, idle talking fellow

Blether, to talk idly, non-
sense.

Bleth'rin, talking idly.

- Blink, a little while; a smiling look; to look kindly; to shine by fits.
 Blinker, a term of contempt.
 Blinkin, smirkin.
 Blue-gown, an authorized beggar.
 Bluid, blood.
 Blype, ashred, a large piece.
 Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently.
 Bocked, gushed, vomited.
 Bodle, a small copper coin.
 Boggles, spirits, hobgoblins.
 Bonnie, or bonny, handsome, beautiful.
 Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread.
 Boord, a board.
 Boortree, the shrub elder.
 Boost, behaved, must needs.
 Bore, a hole in the wall.
 Botch, an angry tumour.
 Bousing, drinking.
 Bow-kail, cabbage.
 Bowt, bended, crooked.
 Brachens, fern.
 Brae, a declivity, precipice.
 Braid, broad.
 Braindg't, reeled forward.
 Braik, a kind of harrow.
 Braindge, to run rashly.
 Brak, broke, made insolvent.
 Branks, 'a kind of wooden curb for horses.
 Brash, a sudden illness.
 Brats, coarse clothes, rags, children, &c.
 Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury,
 Braw, fine, handsome.
 Brawly, or brawlie, very well, finely, heartily.
 Braxie, a morbid sheep.
 Breastie, dimin. of breast.
 Breastit, did spring up or forward.
 Brechan, fern.
 Breef, an irresistible spell.
 Breeks, breeches.
 Brent, smooth.
 Brewin, brewing.
 Brie, juice, liquid.
 Brig, a bridge.
 Brunstane, brimstone.
 Brisket, the breast.
 Brither, a brother.
 Brock, a badger.
 Brogue, a hum, a trick.
 Broo, broth, liquid, water.
 Broose, a race at country weddings.
 Brugh, a burgh.
 Bruilzie, a broil.
 Brunt, did burn, burnt.
 Brust, to burst, burst.
 Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea on the coast of Buchan.
 Buckskin, a Virginian.
 Bught, a pen.
 Bughtin-time, the time of collecting the sheep to be milked.

- Buirdly, stout-made.
 Buin-clock, a humming beetle.
 Bumming, humming as bees.
 Bummle, to blunder.
 Bummuler, a blunderer.
 Bunker, a window-seat.
 Burdies, dimin. of birds.
 Bure, did bear.
 Burn, water, a rivulet.
 Burnie, dimin. of burn.
 Buskie, bushy.
 Buskit, dressed.
 Busle, a bustle, to bustle.
 But, bot, with.
 But an' ben, kitchen and parlour.
 By himself, lunatic, distracted.
 Byke, a bee-hive.
 Byre, a cow-stable.
- C.
- CA', to call, to name, to drive.
 Ca't, or ca'd, called, driven, calved.
 Cadger, a carrier.
 Caff, chaff.
 Caird, a tinker.
 Cair, a heap of stones.
 Callan, a boy.
 Caller, fresh, sound.
 Canie, or cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous.
 Cantie, or canty, cheerful, merry.
 Cantraip, a charm, a spell.
 Cap-stane, key-stone.
 Careerin, cheerfully.
 Carl, an old man.
 Carlin, a stout old woman.
 Cartes, cards.
 Caudron, a cauldron.
 Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.
 Cauld, cold.
 Caup, a wooden drinking vessel.
 Chanter, a part of a bag-pipe.
 Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow.
 Chaup, a stroke, a blow.
 Cheekit, cheeked.
 Cheep, a chirp, to chirp.
 Chiel or cheel, a young fellow.
 Chimla or chimlie, a fire-grate, a fire-place.
 Chimla-lug, the fire-side.
 Chittering, shivering, trembling.
 Chockin, choking.
 Chow, to chew; *cheek for chow*, side by side.
 Chuffie, fat-faced.
 Clachan, a small village about a church.
 Clais, or claes, clothes.
 Claith, cloth.
 Claithing, clothing.
 Claivers, nonsense.
 Clap, clapper of a mill.
 Clarkit, wrote.

- Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
 Clatter, idle stories.
 Claught, snatched at.
 Claut, to clean, to scrape.
 Clauted, scraped.
 Clavers, idle stories.
 Claw, to scratch.
 Claw'd, scratched.
 Cleed, to clothe.
 Cleekit, having caught.
 Clinkin, jerking, clinking.
 Clinkumbell, who rings the church bells.
 Clips, sheers.
 Clishmaclaver, idle talk.
 Clock, to hatch, a beetle.
 Clockin, hatching.
 Cloot, hoof.
 Clootie, the Devil.
 Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.
 Coble, a fishing boat.
 Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap.
 Coft, bought.
 Cog, a wooden dish.
 Coggie, dimin. of cog.
 Coila, from *Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire.
 Collie, a name for country curs.
 Collieshangie, quarrelling.
 Commaun, command.
 Cood, the cud.
 Coof, a blockhead.
 Coost, did cast.
 Cooser, a horse kept for mares.
 Coot, the ankle or foot.
 Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish; fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are also said to be cootie.
 Corbies, ravens.
 Core, corps, party, clan.
 Corn't, fed with oats.
 Cotter, the inhabitants of a cottage.
 Couthie, kind, loving.
 Cove, a cave.
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright; a branch of furze, broom, &c.
 Cowp, to barter, to tumble over, a gang.
 Cowpit, tumbled.
 Cowrin, cowering.
 Cowte, a colt.
 Cozie, snug.
 Coziely, snugly.
 Crabbit, fretful.
 Crack, conversation, to converse.
 Craft, or croft, a field.
 Craiks, cries or calls incessantly, a bird.
 Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggrel verses.
 Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
 Crankous, fretful, captious.
 Cranreuch, hoar frost.

- Crap, a crop, to crop.
 Crow, crow of a cock, a rook.
 Creel, a basket.
 Creeshie, greasy.
 Crood, or croud, to coo as a dove.
 Croon, a continued moan.
 Crooning, humming.
 Crouchie, crook-backed.
 Crouse, cheerful, courageous.
 Crowdie, a composition of oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.
 Crowdie-time, breakfast-time.
 Crowlin, crawling.
 Crummock, a cow with crooked horns.
 Cuif, a blockhead.
 Cummock, a short staff.
 Curchie, a curtsy.
 Curler, a player at a game on the ice.
 Curlie, curled.
 Curling, a well-known game on the ice.
 Curmuring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.
 Curpin, the crupper.
 Cushat, the stock-dove, or wood-pigeon.
 Cutty, short, a spoon.
- D.
- DADDIE, a father.
 Daffin, merriment, foolishness.
 Daezt, stupified, deprived of vigour or sensibility.
 Daft, merry, giddy, foolish.
 Daimen, rare, now and then; daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then.
 Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable.
 Dales, plains, valleys.
 Daud, to thrash, to abuse.
 Daur, to dare.
 Daurg, a day's labour.
 Davoc, David.
 Dawd, a large piece.
 Dawtit, caressed.
 Dearies, dimin. of dears.
 Dearthfu', dear.
 Deave, to deafen.
 Deil-ma-care! no matter!
 Deleerit, delirious.
 Describe, to describe.
 Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff.
 Ding, to worst, to push.
 Dinna, do not.
 Dirl, a slight stroke or pain.
 Dikken, or diz'n, a dozen.
 Doited, stupified.
 Dolt, stupified, crazed; a stupid fellow.
 Donsie, unlucky.
 Dool, sorrow.
 Doos, doves.
 Dorty, saucy, nice.
 Douce, or douse, sober, wise, prudent.

- Dought, was or were able.
 Doup, backside.
 Doure, stout, durable, sul-
 len, stubborn.
 Dow, am or are able, can.
 Dowff, wanting force.
 Dowie, worn with grief,
 fatigue, &c.
 Doylt, stupid.
 Drap, a drop, to drop.
 Dleep, to ooze, to drop.
 Dribble, drizzling, slaver.
 Drift, a drove.
 Droddum, the breech.
 Drone, part of a bagpipe.
 Droukit, wet.
 Drounting, drawling.
 Drouth, thirst, drought.
 Drumly, muddy.
 Drummock, meal and wa-
 ter mixed raw.
 Drunt, pet, sour humour.
 Dub, a small pond.
 Duds, rags, clothes,
 Duddie, ragged.
 Dung, worsted ; pushed.
 Dunted, beaten, boxed.
 Dush, to push as a ram, &c.
- E.
- EE, the eye.
 Een, the eyes.
 E'enin, evening.
 Eerie, frightened, dreading
 spirits.
 Eild, old age.
 Elbuck, the elbow.
 Eldritch, ghastly.
- En', end.
 Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
 Ettle, to try, attempt.
 Eydent, diligent.
- F.
- FA', fall, lot, to fall.
 Fa's, does fall, water-
 falls.
 Faddom't, fathomed.
 Fae, a foe.
 Faem, foam.
 Faiket, unknown.
 Fairin, a present.
 Fallow, fellow.
 Fand, did find.
 Farl, a cake of bread.
 Fash, trouble, care, to
 trouble, care for.
 Fasht, troubled.
 Fastern-e'en, Fastens-even
 Fauld, a fold, to fold.
 Faulding, folding.
 Faut, fault.
 Fawsont, decent, seemly.
 Feal, a field, smooth.
 Fearfu', frightful.
 Fear't, frightened.
 Feat, neat, spruce.
 Fecht, to fight.
 Fechtin, fighting.
 Feck, many, plenty.
 Fecket, waistcoat.
 Feckfu', large, stout.
 Feckless, puny, weak.
 Feckly, weakly.
 Feg, fig.
 Feide, feud, enmity.

- Fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level, on the side or top of a hill.
 Fen, successful struggle, fight.
 Fend, to live comfortably.
 Ferlie, or ferley, to wonder; a wonder; a term of contempt.
 Fetch, to pull by fits.
 Fetch't, pulled intermit-
 tently.
 Fidge, to fidget.
 Fiel, soft, smooth.
 Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
 Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.
 Fisle, to make a rustling noise, to fidget, a bustle.
 Fit, a foot.
 Fittie-lan, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
 Fizz, to make a hissing noise.
 Flainen, Flannel.
 Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner.
 Fleech'd, supplicated.
 Fleechin, supplicating.
 Fleesh, a fleece.
 Fleg, a random blow.
 Flether, to decoy by fair words.
 Fletherin, flattering.
 Flewit, a smart blow.
 Fley, to scare, to frighten.
 Flichter, to flutter as young nestlings, when their dam approaches.
 Flickering, to meet, to encounter with.
 Flinders, shreds, broken pieces.
 Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a stall.
 Flisk, to fret at the yoke.
 Fliskit, fretted.
 Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
 Flittering, fluttering.
 Flunkie, a servant in livery.
 Foord, a ford.
 Forbears, forefathers.
 Forbye, besides.
 Forfairn, worn out, jaded.
 Forfoughten, fatigued.
 Forgather, to meet with.
 Forgie, to forgive.
 Forjesket, fatigued.
 Fother, fodder.
 Fou', full, drunk.
 Foughten, troubled, harassed.
 Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
 Fow, a bushel, &c.; also a pitch-fork.
 Frae, from.
 Freath, froth.
 Frien', friend.
 Fu', full.

- Fud, the scut of the hare,
 &c.
 Fuff, to blow intermittently
 Fuff't, did blow.
 Funnie, full of merriment,
 mirthful,
 Fur, a furrow.
 Furm, a form, bench.
 Fyke, trifling cares; to
 piddle, to be in a fuss
 about trifles.
 Fyle, to soil, to dirty.
 Fyl't, soiled, dirtied.
- G.
- GAB, the mouth; to speak
 boldly, or pertly.
 Gaber-lunzie, an old man.
 Gadsman, ploughboy, the
 boy that drives the hor-
 ses in the plough.
 Gae, to go; gaed, went;
 gaen, gone; gaun, going.
 Gaet, or gate, way, man-
 ner, road.
 Gang, to go, to walk.
 Gar, to make, to force to.
 Gar't, forced to.
 Garten, a garter.
 Gash, wise, sagacious, talk-
 ative, to converse.
 Gashin, conversing.
 Gaucy, jolly, large.
 Gawky, half-witted, fool-
 ish, romping.
 Gear, riches of any kind.
 Geck, to toss the head in
 wantonness or scorn.
- Ged, a pike.
 Gentles, great folks.
 Geordie, a guinea.
 Get, a child, a young one.
 Ghaist, a ghost.
 Gie, to give; gied, gave;
 gien, given.
 Giftie, dimin. of gift.
 Giglets, playful girls.
 Gillie, dimin. of gill.
 Gilpey, a half-grown, half-
 informed boy or girl, a
 romping lad, a hoiden.
 Gimmer, an ewe from one
 to two years old.
 Gin, if, against.
 Gipsy, a young girl.
 Girning, grinning.
 Gizz, a periwig.
 Glaikit, inattentive, fool-
 ish, romping.
 Glaive, a sword.
 Glaizie, glittering, smooth,
 like a glass.
 Glaum'd, aimed, snatched.
 Gleck, sharp, ready.
 Gleg, sharp, ready.
 Gleib, glebe.
 Glen, dale, deep valley.
 Gley, a squint; to squint;
 agley, off at a side, wrong.
 Glib-gabbet, that speaks
 smoothly and readily.
 Glint, to peep.
 Glinted, peeped.
 Glintin, peeping.
 Gloamin, the twilight.
 Glowr, to stare, to look.

- Glowred, looked, stared. Grousome, loathsome, grim.
 Gowan, the flower of the Grozet, a gooseberry.
 daisy, dandelion, hawk- Grumph, a grunt, to grunt.
 weed, &c. Grumphie, a sow.
 Gowany, gowany glens, Grun', ground.
 daisied dales. Grunstane, a grindstone.
 Gowd, gold. Gruntle, the phiz, a grunt-
 Gowff, the game of golf; to ing noise.
 strike as the bat does the Grunzie, mouth.
 ball at golf. Grushie, thick, of thriving
 Gowff'd, struck. growth.
 Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of Gude, the Supreme Being;
 contempt. good.
 Gowl, to howl. Guid, good.
 Grane, or grain, a groan, to Guid-morning, good mor-
 groan. row.
 Grain'd and gaunted, Guid-e'en, good evening.
 groaned and grunted. Guidman and Guidwife, the
 Graining, groaning. master and mistress of
 Graip, a pronged instru- the house; young guid-
 ment for cleaning stables man, a man newly mar-
 Graith, accoutrements, fur- ried.
 niture, dress, gear. Gully or gullie, a large
 Grannie, grandmother. knife.
 Grape, to grope. Guidfather, guidmother,
 Grapit, groped. father-in-law, and mo-
 Grat, wept, shed tears. ther-in-law.
 Great, intimate, familiar. Gumlie, muddy.
 Gree, to agree; to bear the Gusty, tasteful.
 gree, to be decidedly H.
 victor. HA', hall.
 Gree't, agreed. Ha'-bible, the great bible
 Greet, to shed tears. that lies in the hall.
 Greetin, crying, weeping. Hae, to have.
 Grippet, catched, seized. Haen, had, the participle.
 Groat, to get the whistle Haet, fient haet, a petty
 of one's groat, to play a oath of negation; no-
 losing game. thing.

- Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
 Hafflins, nearly half, partly
 Hag, a scar, or gulf in mosses and moors.
 Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
 Hain, to spare, to save.
 Hain'd, spared.
 Hairst, harvest.
 Haith, a petty oath.
 Haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought.
 Hal', or hald, an abiding place,
 Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
 Haly, holy.
 Hallan, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly, a seat of turf at the outside.
 Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October.
 Hame, home.
 Hamely, homely, affable.
 Hameward, homeward.
 Han', or haun', hand.
 Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap.
 Happer, a hopper.
 Happing, hopping.
 Hapstepan'loup, hop skip and leap.
 Harkit, hearkened.
 Harn, very coarse linen.
 Hastit, hastened.
 Hash, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety.
 Haud, to hold.
 Haughs, low lying rich lands; valleys.
 Haur'l, to drag, to peel.
 Haurlin, peeling.
 Haverel, a half-witted person; half-witted.
 Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.
 Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face.
 Heapit, heaped.
 Healsome, healthful.
 Hearse, hoarse.
 Hear't, hear it.
 Heather, heath.
 Hech! oh! strange!
 Hecht, promised to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered.
 Heckle, a board in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
 Heeze, to elevate.
 Helm, the rudder or helm.
 Herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks.
 Herry, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests.
 Herryment, plundering, devastation.

- Hersel, herself; also a herd
 of cattle of any sort.
 Het, hot.
 Heugh, a crag, or coal-pit.
 Milch, a hobble, to halt.
 Hiltie-skiltie, in rapid suc-
 cession.
 Himsel, himself.
 Hiney, honey.
 Hing, to hang.
 Hirple, to walk crazily, to
 creep.
 Hissel, so many cattle as
 one person can attend
 Hstie, dry, chapt, barren.
 Hitelit, a loop, a knot.
 Hizzie, hussy, a young girl.
 Hoddin, humble.
 Hog-score, a distance line,
 in curling, drawn across
 the rink.
 Hog-shoulther, justling
 with the shoulder; to
 juggle.
 Hool, outer skin or case.
 Hoolie, slowly, leisurely.
 Hoolie! take leisure.
 Hoord, a hoard; to hoard.
 Hoordit, hoarded.
 Horn, a spoon made of horn
 Hornie, the devil.
 Host, or hoast, to cough.
 Hotch'd, turned topsytur-
 vy, mixed.
 Heughmagandie, fornica-
 tion.
 Houp, hope.
 Houlit, an owl.
 Housie, dimin. of house.
 Hove, to heave, to swell.
 Howdie, a midwife.
 Howe, hollow, a hollow.
 Howebackit, sunk in the
 back.
 Howff, a house of resort.
 Howk, to dig.
 Hoy, to urge.
 Hoyse, a pull upwards.
 Hoyte, to amble crazily.
 Hughoc, dimin. of Hugh.
 Hunkers the ham, the hin-
 der part of the thigh.
 Hurchieon, a hedgehog.
 Hurdies, the loins, the
 crupper.
 Hushion, a cushion.

I.

 I', in.
 Icker, an ear of corn.
 Ier-roe, a great grandchild
 Ilk, or ilka, each, every.
 Ill-willie, ill natured, ma-
 liciously, niggardly.
 Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
 Ingle, fire, fire-place.
 Ise, I shall or will.
 Ither, other, one another.

J.

 JAD, jade; also a familiar
 term for a giddy young
 girl.
 Jauk, to dally, to trifle.
 Jaw, course raillery, to
 pour out as water.

- Jaup, a jerk of water.
 Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
 Jimp, to jump, slender, handsome.
 Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning
 Jinker, that turns quickly, a sprightly girl, a wag.
 Jirk, a jerk.
 Jocteg, a kind of knife.
 Jonk, to stoop, to bow the head.
 Jow, to jow, the swinging motion and peeling sound of a large bell.
 Jundie, to justle.

K.

- KAE, a daw.
 Kail, colewort, a kind of broth.
 Kail-runt, the stem of colewort.
 Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer.
 Kebbuck, a cheese.
 Keek, a peep, to peep.
 Kelpies, mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night.
 Ken, to know.
 Kennin, a small matter.
 Kenspeckle, well known.
 Ket, matted, hairy.
 Kiaugh, carking anxiety.
 Kilt, to truss up the clothes.
 Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.

- Kin, kindred ; Kin', kind.
 King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
 Kintra, country.
 Kintra-cooser, a country stallion.
 Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn.
 Kirsen, to baptize.
 Kist, a chest.
 Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread, to serve for soup, gravy, &c.
 Kith, kindred.
 Kittle, to tickle, ticklish, lively.
 Kittlin, a young cat.
 Kiuttle, to cuddle.
 Knappin-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.
 Knowe, a round hillock.
 Knurl, dwarf.
 Kye, cows.
 Kyle, a district in Ayrshire.
 Kyte, the belly.
 Kythe, to discover, to shew one's self.

L.

- LAGGEN, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.
 Laigh, low.
 Lairing, sinking in snow, mud &c.
 Laith, loath.
 Laithfu', bashful.

- Lallans, Scottish dialect.
 Lambie, dimin. of lamb.
 Lampit, a kind of shell fish.
 Lan', land, estate.
 Lane, lone; my lane, thy lane, &c. myself alone.
 Lanely, lonely.
 Lang, long, to weary.
 Lap, did leap.
 Lave, the rest, the remainder.
 Laverock, the lark.
 Lawin, reckoning.
 Lawlan, lowland.
 Lea, pasture ground, unploughed.
 Lea'e, to leave.
 Leal, loyal, true.
 Lea-rig, grassy ridge.
 Lear, learning.
 Lee-lang, live-long.
 Leesome, pleasant.
 Leeze-me, a phrase of endearment, I am happy or proud of thee.
 Leister, a three-pronged fish-dart.
 Leugh, did laugh.
 Leuk, a look, to look.
 Libbet, gelded.
 Lift, sky.
 Lightly, sneeringly.
 Lift, a ballad, a tune, to sing.
 Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.
 Limp't, limped, hobbled.
 Link, to trip along.
 Linn, a water-fall, a precipice.
 Lint, flax; lint i' the bell, flax in flower.
 Lintwhite, a linnet.
 Loan, or loaning, the place of milking.
 Loof, the palm of the hand.
 Loot, did let.
 Looves, plural of loof.
 Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.
 Loup, jump, leap.
 Lowe, a flame.
 Lowrie, Lawrence.
 Lowse, to loose.
 Lug, the ear, a handle.
 Lugget, having a handle.
 Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
 Lum, the chimney.
 Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
 Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke.
 Lyart, grey.
- M.
- MAE, more.
 Mair, more.
 Maist, most, almost.
 Maistly, mostly.
 Mak, to make.
 Mailen, farm.
 Mailie, Molly.
 Mang, among.
 Manse, the minister's house

- Manteele, a mantle.
 Mark, marks, (This and several other nouns which in English require an s, to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.)
 Mar's year, the year 1715.
 Mashlum, Meslin, mixed corn.
 Mask, to mash.
 Maskin-pot, a tea-pot.
 Maukin, a hare.
 Maun, must.
 Mavis, the thrush.
 Maw, to mow.
 Meere, a mare.
 Meickle, or Meikle, much.
 Melancholius, mournful.
 Melder, corn or grain, sent to be ground.
 Mell, to meddle, a mallet.
 Melvie, to soil with meal.
 Men', to mend.
 Mense, good manners.
 Menseless, ill-bred, rude.
 Messin, a small dog.
 Midden, a dunghill.
 Midden-creels, baskets for holding dung.
 Midden-hole, a gutter at a dunghill.
 Mim, prim, affectedly meek.
 Min', mind, resemblance.
 Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending.
 Minnie, mother, dam.
 Mirk, dark.
 Misca', to abuse, to call names.
 Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
 Misteuk, mistook.
 Mither, a mother.
 Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed.
 Moil, labour.
 Moistify, to moisten.
 Mony, or Monie, many.
 Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
 Moorlan', of or belonging to moors.
 Morn, to morrow.
 Mou, the mouth.
 Moudiewort, a mole.
 Mousie, dimin. of mouse.
 Muckle, or Mickle, great, big, much.
 Musie, dimin. of muse.
 Muslin-kail, broth, composed simply of water, shelled barley and greens.
 Mutchkin, an English pint.
 Mysel, myself.

 N.
 NA, no, not, nor.
 Nae, no, not any.
 Naig, a horse.
 Nappy, ale.
 Negleckit, neglected.
 Neuk, nook.
 Niest, next.
 Nieve, the fist.
 Niffer, an exchange.

- Niger, a Negro.
 Nine-tailed-cat, a hang-
 man's whip.
 Nit, a nut.
 Norland, north land.
 Nowte, black cattle.
- O.
- O', of.
 Ochels, name of mountains.
 O haith! O faith! an oath.
 Ony, or Onie, any.
 Or, is often used for ere.
 Ora, or Orra, superfluous,
 unwanted.
 O't, of it.
 Oughtlins, in the least de-
 gree.
 Ourie, shivering, drooping.
 Oursel, or oursels, ourselves.
 Outlers, cattle not housed.
 Ower, over, too.
 Owre-hip, a way of fetch-
 ing a blow with the
 hammer over the arm.
- P.
- PACK, intimate, familiar;
 twelve stone of wool.
 Painch, paunch.
 Patrick, a partridge.
 Pang, to cram.
 Parle, speech.
 Parritch, oatmeal pud-
 ding.
 Pat, did put, a pot.
 Pattle, or pettle, a plough-
 staff.
- Paughty proud, haughty.
 Pauky or Pawkie, cun-
 ning, sly.
 Pay't, paid, beat.
 Pech, to fetch the breath
 short, as in an asthma.
 Pechan, the stomach.
 Pet, a domesticated sheep,
 &c.
 Pettie, to cherish.
 Phillibegs, short petti-
 coats worn by the High-
 landmen.
 Phraise, fair speeches,
 flattery, to flatter.
 Phraisin, flattery.
 Pibroch, a Highland war-
 song adapted to the bag-
 pipe.
 Pickle, a small quantity.
 Pine, pain, uneasiness.
 Pit, to put.
 Placad, a public procla-
 mation.
 Plack, an old Scottish coin,
 the third part of a Scotch
 penny, twelve of which
 make an English penny.
 Plackless, pennyless.
 Plaid, an outer loose gar-
 ment.
 Platie, dimin. of plate.
 Plew, or Plengh, a plough.
 Pliskie, a trick.
 Pock, a bag, a small sack.
 Poind, to seize on cattle.
 Poortith, poverty.
 Pou, to pull.

Pouk, to pluck.
 Pouse, to push, to penetrate.
 Poussie, a hare, a cat.
 Pout, a poult, a chick.
 Pou't, did pull.
 Pouthery, like powder.
 Pow, the head, the skull.
 Pownie, a little horse.
 Powther, powder.
 Preen, a pin.
 Prent, printing.
 Prie, to taste.
 Prie'd, tasted.
 Prief, proof.
 Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.
 Primsie, demure, precise.
 Propone, to lay down, to propose.
 Provoses, provosts.
 Pyle, a pyle o' caff, a single grain of chaff.

Q.

QUAK, to quake.
 Quat, to quit.
 Quey, a cow from one to two years old.

R.

RAGWEED, herb ragwort.
 Raible, to rattle nonsense.
 Rair, to roar.
 Raize, to madden, to inflame.
 Ram-feezl'd, fatigued, overspread.

Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.
 Raploch, properly a course cloth, but used as an ad-noun for coarse.
 Rarely, excellently.
 Rash, a rush; rash-buss, a bush of rushes.
 Ratton, a rat.
 Raucle, stout, fearless.
 Raught, reached.
 Raw, a row.
 Rax, to stretch.
 Ream, cream; to cream.
 Reamin, brimful, frothing.
 Reave, rove.
 Reck, to heed.
 Rede, counsel, to counsel.
 Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
 Red wud, stark mad.
 Ree, half-drunk, fuddled.
 Reek, smoke.
 Remead, remedy.
 Rest, to stand restive.
 Restit, stood restive, stunted, withered.
 Rew, repent.
 Rief, reef, plenty.
 Rief randies, sturdy beggars.
 Rig, a ridge.
 Rin, to run, to melt.
 Rink, the course of the stones in curling on ice.
 Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.
 Riskit, made a noise.

- Rockin, spinning on the rock, or distaff.
 Roon, a shed.
 Roose, to praise.
 Roupet, hoarse.
 Routhie, plentiful.
 Row, to roll, to wrap.
 Rowte, to low, to bellow.
 Rowth, or routh, plenty.
 Rozet, rosin.
 Rung, a cudgel.
 Runkled, wrinkled.
 Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
 Ruth, sorrow.
- S.
- SAE, so.
 Saft, soft.
 Sair, to serve, a sore.
 Sairly, or sairlic, sorely.
 Sair't, served.
 Sark, a shirt.
 Saugh, the willow.
 Saul, soul.
 Saumont, salmon.
 Saunt, a saint.
 Sant, salt.
 Saw, to sow.
 Sax, six.
 Scaith, or skaith, to damage, to injure.
 Scar, to scare, a scar.
 Scald, to scald.
 Scauld, to scold.
 Scaur, apt to be scared.
 Scawl, a scold.
 Scon, a kind of bread.
- Sconner, a loathing, to loathe.
 Scaich, to scream as a hen, partridge, &c.
 Screed, to tear, a rent.
 Scribe, to glide swiftly along.
 Scrimp, to scant.
 See'd, did see.
 Sel, self; a body's sel, one's self alone.
 Sell't, did sell.
 Sen', to send.
 Settlin, settling; to get a settlin, to be frightened into quietness.
 Shaird, a shred, a shard.
 Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into.
 Shaver, a humourous wag, a barber.
 Shaw, to shew, a small wood in a hollow place.
 Sheen, bright, shining.
 Sheep-shank, to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited.
 Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.
 Shiel, a shed.
 Shill, shrill.
 Shog, a shock, a push off at one side.
 Shool, a shovel.
 Shoon, shoes.
 Shore, to offer, to threaten.
 Shouther, the shoulder.

Sic, such.	Smoor, to smother.
Sicker, sure, steady.	Smoor'd, smothered.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting	Smoutie, obscene.
Siller, silver, money.	Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
Simmer, a summer.	Snapper, stumble.
Sin, a son.	Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
Sin', since.	Snaw, snow, to snow.
Skellum, a worthless fellow	Snaw-broo, melted snow.
Skelp, to strike, to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.	Sneck, latch of a door.
Skelpi-limmer, a technical term in female scolding.	Sned, to lop, to cut off.
Skelpin, stepping, walking.	Sneeshin, snuff.
Skiegh, or Skeigh, proud, nice, high-mettled.	Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box.
Skinklin, a small portion.	Snell, bitter, biting.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.	Snick-drawing, trick, contriving.
Skirl't, shrieked.	Snick, the latchet of a door
Sklent, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.	Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.
Skreigh, a scream, to scream.	Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.
Slae, sloe.	Snowk, to scent or snuff as a dog.
Slade, did slide.	Sonsie, having sweet, engaging looks, lucky, jolly
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.	Soom, to swim.
Slaw, slow.	Sooth, truth, a petty oath.
Slee, sly; Sleest, slyest.	Sough, or sugh, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear.
Sleekit, sleek, sly.	Souple, flexible, swift.
Sliddery, slippery.	Souter, a shoemaker.
Slype, to fall over.	Sowens, a dish made of the seeds of oatmeal soured and boiled up to make a pudding.
Slypet, fell.	
Sma', small.	
Smeddum, dust, powder, mettle, sense.	
Smiddy, a smithy.	

- Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid.
- Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
- Sowther, solder, to solder, to cement.
- Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
- Spaul, a limb.
- Spaige, to dash, to soil.
- Spaviet, having the spavin.
- Spent, or spate, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw.
- Speel, to climb.
- Spence, the parlour.
- Spier, to ask, to inquire.
- Spier'd, inquired.
- Splatter, a splutter, to splutter.
- Splenghan, a tobacco pouch.
- Splore, a frolic, a noise.
- Sprattle, to scramble.
- Spreckled, spotted, speckled.
- Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
- Sprit, a plant, something like rushes.
- Spunk, fire, mettle, wit.
- Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o'-wisp, or ignis fatuus.
- Spurtle, a stick used in making pudding or porridge.
- Squad, a crew, a party.
- Squatter, to flutter as a wild duck, &c.
- Squattle, to sprawl.
- Squeel, a scream, a screech, to scream.
- Stacher, to stagger.
- Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
- Staggie, dimin. of stag.
- Stalwart, strong, stout.
- Stan, to stand; stan't did stand.
- Stane, a stone.
- Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water.
- Stap, stop.
- Stark, stout.
- Startle, to run as cattle stung by the gadfly.
- Staumrel, a blockhead, half-witted.
- Staw, did steal, to surfeit.
- Stech, to cram the belly.
- Steek, to shut, a stitch.
- Steer, to molest, to stir.
- Steeve, firm, compact.
- Stell, a still.
- Sten, to rear as a horse.
- Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
- Stey, steep.
- Stibble, stubble; stibble-rig, the reaper who takes the lead.
- Stick an stow, totally, altogether.
- Stile, a crutch; to halt, to limp.

- Stimpert, the eighth of a Winchester bushel.
 Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
 Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
 Stockin, stocking; throwing the stockin', when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married
 Stooked, made up in shocks as corn.
 Stoor, sounding hollow, strong and hoarse.
 Stot, an ox.
 Stoup, or Stowp, a kind of jug with a handle.
 Stoure, dust.
 Stowlins, by stealth.
 Stown, stolen.
 Stoyte, stumble.
 Strack, did strike.
 Strae, straw; to die a fair strae death, to die in bed.
 Straik, did strike.
 Straikit, stroked.
 Strappan, tall and handsome.
 Straught, straight.
 Streek, stretched, to stretch.
 Stroan, to spout, to piss.
- Studdie, an anvil.
 Stumpie, dimin. of stump.
 Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily.
 Sturtin, frightened.
 Sucker, sugar.
 Sud, should.
 Suthron, southern, an old name for the English nation.
 Swaird, sword.
 Swall'd, swelled.
 Swank, stately, jolly.
 Swankie, or swanker, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.
 Swap, an exchange, to barter.
 Swarf, swoon.
 Swat, did sweat.
 Swatch, a sample.
 Swats, drink, good ale.
 Sweaten, sweating.
 Sweer, lazy, averse; dead-sweer, extremely averse.
 Swoor, swore, did swear.
 Swinge, to beat, to whip.
 Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast, or pool, a knot in wood.
 Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots.
 Swith, get away.
 Swither, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.
 Syne, since, ago, then.

T.

- TACKETS**, a kind of nails, for driving into the heels of shoes.
Tae, a toe; three-tae'd, having three prongs.
Tairge, target.
Tak, to take; takin, taking.
Tangle, a sea-weed.
Tap, the top.
Tapetless, heedless, foolish.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
Tarrow't, murmured.
Tarry-breeks, a sailor.
Tauld, or tald, told.
Taupie, a foolish thoughtless young person.
Tauted, or tautie, matted together; spoken of hair or wool.
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
Teat, a small quantity.
Tedding, spreading after the mower.
Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke, in the forenoon.
Tent, a field pulpit, heed, caution, take heed.
Tentic, heedful, cautious.
Tentless, heedless.
Tough, tough.
- Thack**, thatch; thack an rape, clothing.
Thae, these.
Thairms, small-guts, fiddle-strings.
Thankit, thanked.
Theekit, thatched.
Thegither, together.
Themsel, themselves.
Thick, intimate, familiar.
Thieveless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour.
Thir, these.
Thirl, to thrill.
Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.
Thowless, slack, lazy.
Thrang, throng, a crowd.
Thrapple, throat, windpipe.
Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict.
Thrawin, twisting, &c.
Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction.
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threshin, thrashing.
Threteen, thirteen.
Thristle, thistle.
Through, to go on with, to make out.
Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thumpit, thumped.
Thysel, thyself.

- Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise; a blow producing a dull heavy sound.
 Till't, to it.
 Timmer, timber.
 Timmer-propt, propped with timber.
 Tine, to lose; tint, lost.
 Tinkler, a tinker.
 Tint the gate, lost the way.
 Tip, a ram.
 Tippence, two-pence.
 Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover.
 Tirlin, uncovering.
 Tither, the other.
 Tittle, to whisper.
 Tittlin, whispering.
 Tocher, marriage portion.
 Tod, a fox.
 Toddle, to totter, like, the walk of a child.
 Toddlin, tottering.
 Toom, empty.
 Toop, a ram.
 Toun, a hamlet, a farmhouse.
 Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.
 Tow, a rope.
 Towmond, a twelvemonth.
 Towzie, rough, shaggy.
 Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
 Toyte, to totter like old age.
 Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed.
 Trashtrie, trash.
 Trews, trowsers.
 Trickie, full of tricks.
 Trig, spruce, neat.
 Trimly, excellently.
 Trow, to believe.
 Trowth, truth, a petty oath.
 Trysted, appointed; to tryste, to make an appointment.
 Try't, tried.
 Tug, raw hide, of which, in old times, plough-traces were frequently made.
 Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.
 Twa, two.
 Twa-three, a few.
 'Twad, it would.
 Twal, twelve; twal-pennie worth, a small quantity, one English pennyworth.
 Twin, to part.
 Tyke, a dog.
 U.
 UNCO, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious.
 Uncos, news.
 Unfauld, unfold.
 Unkenn'd, unknown.
 Unsicker, unsure.
 Unskaith'd, undamaged.
 Unweeting, unknowingly.

Upo', upon.
Urchin, a hedgehog.

V.

VAP'RIN, vapouring,
bullying, bragging.
Vauntie, vain, proud.
Vera, very.
Virl, a ring round a co-
lumn, &c.

W.

WA', wall.
Wa's, walls.
Wabster, a weaver.
Wad, would, to bet, a bet,
a pledge.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe, sorrowful.
Waesucks! or waes me!
alas! O the pity.
Waft, the cross thread that
goes from the shuttle
through the web; woof.
Waifu', wailing.
Wair, to lay out, to ex-
pend.
Wale, choice, to choose.
Wal'd, chose, chosen.
Walie, ample, large, jolly;
also an interjection of
distress.
Wame, the belly.
Wamefu', a belly full.
Wanchansie, unlucky.
Wanrestfu', restless.
Wark, work.
Warl, or warld, world.

Wark-lume, a tool to work
with.

Warlock, a wizard.

Warly, worldly, eager on
amassing wealth.

Warran, a warrant, to
warrant.

Warst, worst.

Warstl'd, or warsl'd,
wrestled.

Wastrie, prodigality.

Wat, wet; I wat, I wot,
I know.

Water-brose, brose made
of oatmeal and water.

Wattle, a twig, a wand.

Wauble, to swing, to reel.

Waight, draught.

Waukit, thickened as ful-
lers do cloth.

Waukrife, not apt to sleep.

Waur, worse, to worst.

Waur't, worsted.

Wean, or weanie, a child.

Wearie, or weary; monie
a wearie body, many a
different person.

Weason, weasand.

Weaving the stocking. See
throwing the stocking,
page 363.

Wee, little; wee things,
little ones; wee bit, a
small matter.

Weel, well.

Weelfare, welfare.

Weet, rain, wetness.

Weird, fate.

- We'se, we shall.
 Wha, who.
 Whaizle, to wheeze.
 Whalpit, whelped.
 Whang, a leathern string,
 a piece of cheese, bread,
 &c.; to give the strap-
 pado.
 Whare, where; whare'er,
 wherever.
 Whase, whose.
 Whatreck, nevertheless.
 Whaup, the curlew; a kind
 of water-fowl.
 Wheep, to fly nimbly, to
 jerk; penny-wheep,
 small beer.
 Whid, the motion of a
 hare, running but not
 frighted, a lie.
 Whidden, running as a
 hare or coney.
 Whigmeleeries, whims,
 fancies, crotchets.
 Whingin, crying, com-
 plaining, fretting.
 Whirligigums, useless or-
 naments.
 Whirrin, whirring; the
 sound made by the flight
 of the partridge, &c.
 Whisht, silence.
 Whisk, to sweep, to lash.
 Whiskit, lashed.
 Whistle, a whistle; to
 whistle.
 Whitter, a hearty draught
 of liquor.
 Whunstane, a whinstone.
 Whyles, sometimes.
 Wi', with.
 Wick, to strike a stone in
 an oblique direction; a
 term in curling.
 Wicker, willow, (the small-
 er sort).
 Widdieful, wrathful, angry,
 raging; one deserving
 the gallows.
 Wiel, a small whirlpool.
 Wifie, a dimin. or endear-
 ing term for wife.
 Willyart, bashful, reserved,
 timid.
 Wimple, to meander.
 Win, to win, to winnow.
 Win't, winded, as a bottom
 of yarn.
 Win', wind; win's, winds.
 Winna, will not.
 Winnock, a window.
 Winsome, hearty, vaunted,
 gay.
 Wintle, a staggering mo-
 tion; to stagger, to reel,
 Winze, an oath.
 Wiss, to wish; to have a
 strong desire.
 Withoutten, without.
 Witless, simple, easily,
 imposed on.
 Wizen'd, dried, shrunk.
 Wonner, a wonder, a con-
 temptuous appellation.
 Wons, dwells.
 Woo', wool.

Woo, to court, to make love to.	Wyte, blame, to blame.
Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withs or willows.	Y.
Woer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.	YE; this pronoun is frequently used for thou.
Wordy, worthy.	Year, is used both for singular and plural, yearlings, born in the year, coevals.
Worset, worsted.	Yearns, longs much.
Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.	Yell, barren, that give milk.
Wrack, to teaze, to vex.	Yerk, to lash, to jerk.
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forbode the person's approaching death.	Yerkit, jerked, lashed.
Wrang, wrong, to wrong.	Yestreen, yesternight, the night before.
Wreeth, drifted snow.	Yett, a gate, such as usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.
Writers, attorneys, lawyers.	Yill, ale.
Wud-mad, distracted.	Yird, earth.
Wumble, a wimble.	Yokin, yoking, a bout.
Wyle, beguile.	Yont, beyond.
Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.	Yoursel, yourself.
	Yowe, an ewe.
	Yowie, dimin. of ewe.
	Yule, Christmas.

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